



玄幻大陆

最强

系统

临海狂猫 著





lang="en">

# Ultimate Assassin System - Volume 01

## Table of Contents

- 1. [Chapter 1 – Death From Boiling Water](#)
- 2. [Chapter 2 – Rookie Assassin](#)
- 3. [Chapter 3 – Tang En Crusoe \(The Featured Collection\)](#)
- 4. [Chapter 4 – Legendary “Guarding a Tree Awaiting a Rabbit”](#)
- 5. [Chapter 5 – The First System Mission](#)
- 6. [Chapter 6 – Spying on Father York](#)
- 7. [Chapter 7 – For Whom Was The Bell Rung?](#)
- 8. [Chapter 8 – The Annihilation of Little Stone Village](#)
- 9. [Chapter 9 – Tang En’s Fury](#)
- 10. [Chapter 10 – I want to be an Assassin](#)

# Chapter 1 – Death From Boiling Water

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## Death From Boiling Water

- TL: AmeryEdge
- ED: Azusky, LtBeefy, No1Fan

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Dawn. Silver rays of light were peeking through the horizon. The wind that was carrying the scent of wet morning dew gently blew by a sleepy village.

The village itself seemed unable to withstand the cold morning air and whimpered. Gradually, signs of life appeared.

A farmer who had just woken up pushed his wooden door open and raised his voice to greet his neighbours. Everyone began to work on their own breakfast while preparing for the day that was about to start. This was an extremely ordinary morning at an ordinary village.

Unfortunately, a certain event interrupted this otherwise calm day.

“AH—”

A farmer who had gone to the well to retrieve water suddenly released an alarming scream, breaking apart the quiet atmosphere. Immediately, the villagers crowded around this place.

The cause of all of this was lying on top of a boulder near the well. A teenager, one who was wearing strange and unfamiliar clothing, was curled up upon the rock, his face blue from frost.

“Who is this? Why is he sleeping here? Is he frozen to death?”

“Black hair? He probably came from outside the village.”

“Ah, what a pitiful soul. I hope he can safely return to the Light God. There is never any cold there, only warmth.”

All villagers who have gathered silently motioned a sign across their chest. Towards this strange youth who was seemingly frozen to death, they could only offer their blessings.

“Scary!” A little boy standing next to a peasant woman suddenly retreated in fright, “Mom! This big brother just moved.”

The little boy was short, that was why he was the first to notice the “dead” big brother’s nose twitching.

Ah? All the villagers were startled and simultaneously took a step back. They glanced at each other, a chill running up their spines.

Finally, an old farmer wearing a big black dome hat walked forward and leaned down to probe the young man’s breath for signs of vitality. He breathed out a sigh of relief: “This child is still breathing, he didn’t die.”

“Ha, the Light God is watching over us.”

“Praise God.”

The old farmer gently slapped the young man’s cheeks: “Child, wake up, come on, wake up...”

“Hrrmm...” The teenage boy shuddered and let out a soft grunt, his eyes slowly opening.

Maybe due to being frozen for so long, the teenage boy didn’t say a single word after waking up. He only kept staring at the surrounding with a surprised look, his body occasionally shivering.

“Could it be that that he had been frozen stupid?” a quick-mouthed housewife spoke.

Not waiting for a reply, a peaceful voice travelled across the crowd towards the people standing at the front: “What happened here?”

“Oh, good morning Father York.”

This person who was called Father York seemed to be respected by everyone, wherever he went the people parted to allow him a path. A middle-aged man carrying a lunch box appeared, his demeanor calm while friendly replying to all the greetings.

Finished listening to the old farmer's recounting of what happened, Father York looked at the young man up and down: "Hm, it seems like he was not affected mildly by the cold, luckily he was blessed by our God."

Father York put down his lunch box, his hands drawing a strange symbol pattern in the air. A halo of light appeared and shined down upon the youth.

The farmers were all excitedly watching this warm halo of light. No small amount of people began to draw their own signs, their mouths softly whispering praises and prayers.

The youth who was enveloped by the light was shocked, his jaw ajar. His eyes were wide opened, staring at the strange phenomenon in front of him. What is this, a portable heating lamp? And what about all these people, why are they all blonde? What kind of situation is this?

Dozens of seconds later, the halo of light disappeared. Father York smiled and said: "Young man, how are you feeling?"

"Warm..." The young man replied subconsciously.

"That is good, stand up and move a little, soon you will fully recover." Finished speaking, Father York took out a piece of rye bread from inside his wooden box and pressed it into Tang En's hands.

Once he was done, Father York bid farewell to the surrounding villagers and left.

"Praise God, Father York is such a kind messenger of Light."

"That's right, right now... He's heading west, probably to give the elderly people who lack any support some food."

The villagers raced each other to praise the Father's good deeds and kind personality. Soon, they began to scatter, since there was still much to do in the morning.

The young man wearing the strange clothes pulled on the sleeves of the old farmer: "May I ask where this is? Are we in Europe?"

The old farmer gave him a strange look: "Europe? What's that? This place is Little Stone Village of the Titus Kingdom."

“Titus Kingdom?” The youth was surprised. He cautiously asked, “Is this Earth?”

“Earth? What kind of orb is that?”

...

“It can’t be, I really was transported?” The young man hugged his head and mumbled.

The young man was Tang En, he had just graduated from college a month ago. As a modern day college student he obviously had read web novels, and was no stranger to world travelling stories. But...

“Isn’t it just fiction? How did I really travel to another world? Wait, how DID I cross over?”

Tang En knocked on his own head and quickly immersed himself in his memories. After graduating, he had no luck at all with finding a job. Currently, the market was overflowing with new graduates and there was a serious devaluations of skills. Even the people from famous and well known colleges would have a tough time finding jobs, don’t even mention his backwater mountain college.

After a month of laboriously applying for work, Tang En had increasingly grown jaded. He sent applications to countless places, but rarely do they even get a second look. He decided to put his applications online. The chances were even slimmer there, but at least it doesn’t cost him anything to try.

On that day he got out of bed, and as always he booted up his ancient computer. He landed on a large job site. Then he searched all the keywords and sent out two hundred electronic applications without really reading the requests. Just as he clicked on the confirmation button, a game ad popped up.

“Heavens, they really won’t spare any location from ads.”

As Tang En was preparing to close the advertisement, his eyes inadvertently swept across the advertising slogan “Do you have the guts to say no to your ordinary life?”

Honestly put, this was a very standard ad, with no creativity whatsoever. The



common tactics of putting butts and boobs everywhere on the ad really didn't make it stand out in any way. Even though these ads didn't cost him a dime, it had cheated him at least five clicks.

But this advertisement had successfully moved Tang En.

Ordinary huh... Tang En smiled ruefully. He had lived for over twenty years and had always questioned the purpose of his existence.

Tang En's family wasn't rich, nor was he from a prestigious lineage. He was born in a average family, both his parents were blue collar workers. They always did their best to provide Tang En with resources, helping him along the way, they raised him until he had matured.

At school, both his looks and accomplishments were likewise average, teachers neither excessively praised nor scolded him. No special talents, no amazing show of effort, but he had never committed any grievous mistakes. That's how he remained just outside of the teacher's edge of vision. At the end of each semester, his report cards always stated that he was quiet and calm, one who followed all the rules diligently and never caused any trouble. But in regards to his performance there really was more to be desired.

After that, when he tried to apply for higher education, his mediocre grades could at best net him an underachieving college.

During college, he befriended wrong people, found a girlfriend, learnt how to smoke and began to make a habit of retaking exams. When not hanging out with his girlfriend, he played games and read web novels.

When he graduated, his girlfriend departed. The girl admitted she couldn't take being with him any longer. He was the kind of man who was insipid like stale water, without a single passion nor notable activity. She said that just the very thought of continuing this type of life with him caused her to suffocate.

"Isn't a normal life good?" Tang En was confused.

"A normal life is fine, but your kind of normal can let me instantly foresee the next decades of your life. This is simply too horrifying, I really can't take it anymore."

"Furthermore, this is a matter of love, not marriage." She said before leaving.

At that moment, Tang En had felt true pain, and he struggled to comprehend his fault.

Thinking of the final words spoken by his ex-girlfriend before leaving, Tang En moved the mouse over the ad and clicked “Yes”.

Fine, if that’s the case, I will choose to reject this ordinary life!

Game File Loading 1%, 2%...

Awakening from his mood, Tang En looked at the slowly crawling download bar, and smiled with some pain. Oh, whatever: worst comes to worst I will relax by playing a game.

Seeing that it will be a long time before the game finished downloading, Tang En returned to the previous website and continued to push his applications out. He stood up and boiled some water.

When Tang En returned to his computer, the game had successfully downloaded to 95%.

Oh, the servers aren’t bad, that was pretty fast.

96%, 97%, 98%, 99%...

After that... There was no after that.

3 minutes later, the loading bar was still stuck at 99%...

“Fuck!” Tang En angrily slapped the desk, causing it to shake and the cup of water to splash left and right.

He decided to smack the big monitor and kick the computer case, hoping to get some reaction. This habit was carried from ever since he was a child watching the old televisions. For electronics, a kick will usually solve everything.

But unfortunately, he once again realized that this surefire method of fixing electronics was no longer useful, or at least not right now. The bar was still stuck at 99%.

Tang En was completely oblivious to his actions, causing the boiling water to spill out from the cup and spread throughout the table. Currently, a small droplet of water was slowly making its way towards the power adapter.

The frustrated Tang En was still unconvinced that there was nothing he could do, and casually sent another kick towards the computer case. He missed, and instead accidentally stepped on the power adapter.

Sparks flew, and flames were born...

Tang En immediately panicked, but his head had already flown towards the big monitor, hitting it.

As his eyes dimmed, Tang En saw that the loading bar finally reached 100%. On the screen appeared “Assassin System” in large letters. Standing out amongst the blood red background was a dark, shadow figure.

Before his death, he didn’t even experience the cliché “all my memories flashes before my eyes” that novelists always use, but instead his thoughts were:

“When it comes to electronics, a kick will always set them straight...”

...

“Are you serious? I was killed by a damn glass of water?” Tang En said with some sadness as his memories returned fully,.

He lived thanks to water, and finally died because of water, what kind of irony is this...

“Mom and dad, this child is unfilial!” Thinking about his own death, and how his now elderly and childless parents will have to cope with it, Tang En felt incomparable frustration and pulled on his hair.

“Ding... Assassin System activating.”

“Files loading...”

“Ding, some data has been corrupted, patching using host’s data...”

“Retrieving host’s data files... Loading...”

“Ding! Loading complete.”

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**Pick your favourite ( Undying Assassins )**

- Ultimate Assassin System (53%, 495 Votes)
- Assassin Farmer (47%, 436 Votes)

Total Voters: **931**

Loading ...

## Chapter 2 – Rookie Assassin

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Rookie Assassin

- TL: AmeryEdge
- ED: Azusky, LtBeefy, No1Fan

—

“Assassin System?” in his current predicament, being incessantly annoyed by the notifications in his head caused Tang En to feel flustered. However, a nagging feeling appeared in his heart when he heard this familiar name.

In an instant, Tang En saw a bright flash of light, and suddenly he discovered himself inside an empty hall.

At the center of the hall stood an upright man wearing a tuxedo, his combed back white hair indicating that he was a refined man. This sort of clothing definitely reminded Tang En of old Western films with butlers.

That man wearing the butler outfit crossed his arm across his chest, turned towards Tang En and bowed: “Welcome, the latest generation Assassin System inheritor. What can I call you?”

“Assassin System?” Tang En looked around and then pointed at himself, “Are you talking to me? Are you sure you are not mistaken? I am Tang En, can I ask where this is? Also, who are you?”

“Greetings, Tang En. You can call me the Housekeeper,” the old man calmly spoke, “This is the Assassin System Space. Simply put, we are currently inside your mind.”

“In my head? Scary!” Tang En was frightened. He immediately recalled where he originally heard of this name. It was the game he was trying to play before he was to this world.

“Combining space with mental cultivation, have you heard of it? This is such a

method.”

Tang En nodded, indicating that he understood. He has, of course, read enough stories to understand what the meaning of this space was.

“What is the Assassin System’s purpose?”

“Training you into an assassin.”

“Huh, training me into an assassin?” Tang En eyes were wide open, “Are you joking around? I haven’t even killed a chicken.”

“Assassins do not need to kill chickens, only humans,” The butler evaluated Tang En, “Furthermore, you are already a genius in the preliminary stage.”

“Uh... I’m a genius?”

“That’s right, your visage and aura is exceedingly plain. This is a great starting point.”

“Ha ha, thank you for your praises!” Tang En obnoxiously laughed on the outside but on the inside he could only grunt.

“You are welcome.” The Housekeeper paid Tang En’s sarcasm no mind, and he continued, “It’s a shame that your eyes are a little narrow, it stands out too much, this means you don’t have a perfect score.”

What is wrong with your vision? These are Phoenix Eyes, okay? From head to toe, I can only rely on these to attract the ladies... Tang En was screaming from the bottom of his heart.

“Well, it’s not a big problem. We can disguise you...”

“Wait! First off, I sincerely thank you for your intentions, but...” Tang En paused, and then said with determination, “I’m not going to kill people! I don’t even know why I must become an assassin!”

“The Assassin System rarely chooses, and if it has already chosen you, you will grow to become a killer no matter what.” The Housekeeper ignored Tang En’s rejection. He had full faith in the System.

“Haha.. really...” Tang En didn’t know what to retort with. You want me to learn such dangerous things like killing people in cold blood for no reason? Are

you making fun of me?

The butler said seriously, “Yes, really. Taking a step back, this Assassin System will also not let you die from hunger.”

Ah... Tang En went stiff. He immediately remembered his current situation. He just crossed over to this new world, he knew nothing and was familiar with nobody. There was a real chance of him dying from starvation.

“Could it be that this System can provide me with food?”

The Housekeeper said, “Of course not. But the System can help you get your own food. For example south of this Little Stone Village is a small forest, the system can teach you to hunt game there.”

Tang En heart shook: “You can see the outside world?” Before, he really did seem to see a forest in the corner of his eye.

“Of course, everything you can see, I can see. However, if you don’t enter this Assassin Space, we cannot communicate.”

Tang En nodded and said, “Quick, teach me how to hunt.” Right now the most important thing is finding food. Tang En didn’t want to immediately starve when he just came to another world.

“With pleasure. But before we begin, I advise you to leave first and find a place with no one around. You must know that you have been standing next to the well for some time now without moving.” The butler saluted and spoke casually.

“Oh, how do I leave?”

“Silently wish to exit the Assassin System in your mind, and it will happen.”

Exit the Assassin System...

A flash once again appears, and Tang En safely returned next to the well.

Seeing a woman staring at him strangely, Tang En scratched his nose and quickly left.

The Little Stone Village was not very big, and only around 200 people lived here. The only architecture that stands out here was a small church. This small church’s roof was supporting a statue of a naked handsome man holding a

torch. Tang En stared at it closely, making sure that it was not a normal statue of Jesus Christ or other deities.

After a while, Tang En left the village and headed directly to the southern forest. At the edge of the forest, he looked for a quiet corner, leaned on a tree and silently wished to enter the Assassin Space.

“Oh...” Tang En mouth was agape, in his sight the hall was replaced by a dense forest.

The old man standing next to him calmly spoke, “No need to be startled, the System’s space is capable of transforming endlessly.”

Finished speaking, the old man swung his right arm, suddenly a blue screen appeared in midair.

“This is the Assassin System Board, let me walk you through it.”

This time, Tang En was unfazed by the screen appearing out of nowhere. It can create an entire forest, don’t even talk about this.

Looking at the screen made of light and the tiny words it contained, Tang En suddenly felt like he was under the pressure of a mountain.

Rank: Rookie

Assassin Title: Tang En

EXP: 0

HP: 0

Skills Trees: Arrangement, Concealment, Camouflage, Killing, Condition.

The lights on the screen were concentrated at the Skill column, causing Tang En’s eyes to almost be blinded. The butler began to explain.

“Arrangement is simply put, the skill of planning the surrounding layout before making your killing strike. Not only should you plan your offensive moves, but you must also prepare retreating paths. Even though it may sound simple, you should not look down on these essential skills. Once your Arrangement reaches a high enough level you can kill completely invisibly.”

“Concealment. Currently you can only learn how to keep your presence unknown, using the surrounding objects and structure as cover and avoid



detection.”

“Camouflage is simple. Right now you can learn how to create basic disguises, on the outside you will appear as someone else completely. Children, women, the elderly...”

“Wait a sec!” Tang En lifted his hand to interrupt the butler, “Disguising as an old man, even a woman I can somewhat understand, but pretending to be a child is too much. There are just obviously a big difference between... Ah!”

Ka, ka, ka...

Even though the Housekeeper was old, his back was always straight. Standing next to each other, the Housekeeper was ten cm taller than the 175 cm tall Tang En. But right now his body was slowly turning and morphing, cracking noises echoes loudly, his body suddenly became half its original height, only going up to Tang En’s thigh.

After that, the Housekeeper swung his arm, changing his tuxedo to a set of children’s clothing. That figure! Tang En could only stand there in disbelief as he looked at the current small child carrying books who was excitedly heading to school.

“Do you still doubt me?” The Housekeeper lift his arm once more, reverting back to normal.

“No, No I don’t...”

“Good, following that is Killing. This is quite complex, currently you have access to learning how to wield long range and short range weapons, close combat as well as poison. I suggest you learn the bow first. It’s simple to get started, the skills necessary are straightforward, and its power cannot be underestimated. Crucially, it can kill from afar, even if you fail you will have a chance to escape.”

“Finally, there is Condition. An assassin at his most focused state is a terrifying killing machine. Currently you are not capable of reaching this state, we will ignore this for now.”

“Among these five main Skill Trees, you can only attempt to learn some simple skills, but once you have levelled up the Assassin System, you can learn more powerful skills. Skill levels consists of Preliminary, Proficient, Skilled, Experienced,

Intermediate, Master, and Grandmaster.”

Tang En’s was in a trance, he continuously nodded: “How do I increase the levels?”

Once you have gathered a sufficient amount of experience points and completed a special quest, your rank will rise. The Assassin System will give out no small amount of quests, and completing them earns EXP, while killing people earns you HP.”

“Vitality is extremely important to an assassin, it relates to the strength of the entire skill tree. The more you kill, the more your HP will be. These vitality will accumulate inside your body, when you fight, they will drastically increase your strength. The consumed vitality will restore everyday.”

Tang En quickly shook his head: “Again with the killing people. Let’s focus on finding food for now.”

“Very well, within the Arrangement skill tree there is an outdoor survival skill. I advise you to first learn how to build a log cabin, build a fire and create a small crossbow.”

“Yes, no problem.” When it comes to matters of keeping himself alive, Tang En was very obedient.

Soon,

“Tang En, you are trying to build a hut for you to live, not a nest for birds!”

“Ah, this is the right size. But if you sleep in it for a single night you will become an iceman by morning.”

“Hm, this one isn’t wrong, it seems like a nice simple wooden hut. As long as you don’t mind it collapsing in the middle of the night and killing you that is.”

“ ... ”

“Tang En, if you plan to create fire by rubbing sticks together, we will be here until tomorrow.”

“Tang En, if you start a fire here, this whole forest will burn down.”

“Tang En...”

“Shut up!”

“Phoo! Hah.. hah...” Tang En’s eyes was bloodshot, his face blackened with soot while coughing loudly, his mouth shooting out black dust.

The Housekeeper waved his hands full of regret: “Sorry, I was about to remind you that the angle you are blowing the flame was wrong.”

“ ... ”

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**Pick your favourite ( Undying Assassins )**

- Ultimate Assassin System (53%, 495 Votes)
- Assassin Farmer (47%, 436 Votes)

Total Voters: **931**

Loading ...

# Chapter 3 – Tang En Crusoe (The Featured Collection)

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Tang En Crusoe (The Featured Collection)

- TL: AmeryEdge
- ED: JSmith

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Lunch time. Tang En who has been leaning against a withered tree unmoving for a long time suddenly jumped up and ran back to Little Stone Village.

Luckily, he quickly met the old farmer from before.

Hearing Tang En's intention, he generously lent him a short ax.

Tang En took the ax back to the forest, at a quiet area he found a tree that has a large body, it's branches reaching out far and wide.

He spat on his hands and began climbing.

"First, I must observe the surrounding and choose the most optimal base location."

While mumbling, Tang En eyes shone, he took aim at a thick tree branch.

This tree branch was solid and strong, next to it was many other small sub branches, using it to build a wooden hut was ideal.

"Next I must build a reliable foundation, as well as create walls."

—

After two hours,

"Ha Ha Ha... I am an incomparable genius."

Tang En stood beneath the tree and danced wildly, his eyes full of pride as he looked toward the wooden hut.

Of course, if a random person walked through here and saw Tang En's "Genius

Creation”, there would be no way for them to think it was a wooden hut. Because the strange architecture on this tree branch was less like a hut and more like a barrel. The kind of barrel that seriously challenges one’s imagination.

Once a good treasure has been created, of course one must find a professional to evaluate it.

Tang En head inside the Assassin Space, only to see the butler staring at his “genius workmanship” through a bright screen made of light.

“How is it? Not bad right?” Tang En looked extremely excited.

Housekeeper nodded: “Hmm, it has special.. artistic merits.”

“Ho, really? I only casually made it, it’s entirely by chance, ha ha...”

The butler softly complained, “This is absolutely made by chance, this kind of post modern abstract artwork cannot be created by ordinary humans.”

...

Even though the wooden hut had a “powerful” outside appearance, the butler can somewhat accept it based on its practicality. As long as they don’t run into really bad weather, this wooden hut can be relied upon.

Next, after failing several times, Tang En succeeded in combining several flexible wood with some strong and tough tree vines into a simple crossbow.

Well, it was the crudest of simple crossbows. The notches on both sides didn’t match, the strings were uneven, the distribution of strength was scattered, and it was entirely powered by hand with no mechanism common in crossbows. From the practical point of view, it was almost a total failure, from the aesthetic point of view, the entire object wrapped in green vines must’ve been a joke. But no matter how ugly it was, it could shoot slingshot bolts.

Looking at the simple crossbow, Tang En thought that it’s weaknesses is overshadowed by its core function.

The Housekeeper thought that this item was perfect for close combat.

If described in a word, the old butler’s opinions are one of an experienced professional. Even though this small crossbow looked appalling, its usage was... well, also extremely appalling, but one cannot deny that after being tutored by

him, the killing force behind this simple tool was guaranteed. Combining it with sharpened bolts, within three to five steps it can pierce through even protective armor.

Three to five steps? Didn't you see the old butler's judgement? This is definitely a melee weapon. Outside of five steps, this crossbow was probably useless.

Even though crossbows can reasonably be counted as a close distance weapon, its accuracy would usually drop from fifty to a hundred steps instead of five. Tang En did his best in a short amount of time to create this small weapon that transformed a long distanced weapon to a melee weapon, and maybe this can be counted as some sort of pioneering work.

Successfully making the small crossbow, he immediately wanted to go test it. No matter what, his dinner still hasn't been assured. The rye bread given to him by Father York could be considered to be lunch, but Tang En had digested it long ago.

Because this was the first time he went hunting, Tang En was very excited. Hundred of metres inside the forest, he finally found a brightly colored pheasant. This pheasant was looking for food, occasionally it was digging the ground and grinding up whatever prey it found.

After Tang En approached it within fifty steps, the pheasant became cautious and started to observe its surrounding. Tang En hid and covered himself, sneakily putting the crossbow in front of himself.

But before Tang En can even take aim, the pheasant flapped its wings and fluttered away, disappearing from his sight in an instant.

"Damnit!" Tang En punched the ground in frustration. I haven't even finished preparing and you already fled...

Starting off on the wrong foot! But Tang En was not willing to give up yet. He continued his hunt.

This new world's environment is really quite lovely, the air is fresh, the wildlife lively. While heading deeper inside the forest, Tang En discovered no small amount of prey, wild pheasant, wild hares, even plenty of wood rats.

But their survival instincts were too powerful, none of them waited for Tang En to approach before scurrying away. An hour later, he still hasn't made a single shot.

Damnit! Tang En was growing angrier, making it even harder to conceal his presence. While dozens of metres away, he just randomly took aim and shot.

Woosh, woosh...

The power behind the bolts were not small, each time he shot out the wind releases a piercing cry.

But the accuracy... Wherever he aimed, the crossbow releases a powerful bolt that is always off. As Tang En gradually learnt to adapt, he tried to aim off target hoping to catch the targets, but the bolts just end up even more off-course.

Cuckooo, rustle rustle...

The pheasants flew while the rabbits jumped, this entire section of the jungle became pandemonium due to Tang En's incompetence. Lots of bolts were shot, but not a single success. There were some bolts he couldn't even retrieve to reuse.

First hunt, complete failure!

Tang En's returned to the Assassin Space while feeling disgraced.

Inside the space, the surrounding was still the same dense green forest. The old butler was standing there with an oddly shaped crossbow. Dozens of metres in front of him inside the forest, were a pecking pheasant.

"Woosh!", the old butler casually lifted the crossbow up and a bolt quickly shot out. A loud noise reverberated, the bolt hit the gap between the pheasant's claws directly.

"Cuckooo"

The wild pheasant was terrified, it quickly flapped its wing trying to get away, but at that moment,

"Woosh" another bolt appears. The pheasant seemed like it was struck by lightning, it let out a piercing scream before hitting the ground, unmoving.

“Using this sort of toy to hunt animals from afar, truly is quite difficult.” The old butler threw the crossbow to Tang En who was standing there with his eyes opened wide.

Tang En quickly snatched and examined the item. Sure enough, this shape, these markings, it was an exact replica of his crossbow on the outside world.

“No need to be so surprised, I already told you, this Assassin Space can be ever-changing.”

“That’s not what I’m surprised about.” Tang En shook his head, his face looking at the old butler with some worshipness: “Housekeeper, your archery talents are truly frightening, even when you are using, urm, this small crossbow.”

The old butler said, “Eventually you too will reach this point. As an assassin, you must get to know the weapon in your hand within the shortest possible amount of time.”

Tang En frowned, his face getting closer: “Please teach me how to use this crossbow well, if not I really will have to go hungry tonight.”

“No need to rush.” The old butler swung his arm causing a screen of light to appear. This screen of light displays Tang En during his hunting journey.

Standing from the third person of view while watching himself struggle, Tang En’s face reddened from embarrassment.

“Do you know why even though you are not that close to them, these animals instinctively had a reaction?” The old butler answered, “To wild creatures, their sight, hearing and smell along with their sense of surrounding space are extremely sensitive, some even have a sixth sense when it comes to life endangering threats. When they detect such a threat, they will quickly escape.”

Tang En looked at the light screen as he watched himself scare away the animals, and could only nod in agreement. He asked, “How do I avoid detection while approaching them?”

“Good question, this is where you can make use of the Assassin Concealment skill tree...”

“Whoa, wait right there, I already begged you to be kind and spare me, I’m not



going to become an assassin.” Tang En suddenly woke up, he was determined to not turn into some bloodthirsty killer.

The old butler’s face remained calm: “Currently we are talking about solving your food problem. Taking a step back, even if I want you to learn these assassination skills, there is no conflict with the current issue right?”

Tang En scratched his nose: “Humph, fair enough. Continue.”

“We should use this as practice.” The old butler’s hand moved, the dead pheasant from afar disappeared, replaced by a grey wild hare. As the hare comes into existence, it began to observe its surrounding, being on high alert constantly.

“Living beings have a finite amount of perception, that’s why if you know the first steps of the concealment arts, you can..”

The old butler casually walked towards the hare, who still didn’t show any signs of hiding nor special movements. Even when the butler was twenty metres away, the hare still had no reaction.

How could this be? Can this hare be fake? Just before as Tang En hunted, the wild hare would spring away the moment they sensed him. But no matter what, this old butler with a serious attitude wasn’t so shameless...

There must be some special method here. Where is it? Where?

“Hmm!” As Tang En closely observed, the hare briefly moved and looked towards the old butler as he approaches. But the old butler’s face showed no reaction, he continued to calmly walk towards the hare. The hare retrieved its eyes and turned to a different direction.

I’ll try, then I’ll know if it’s fake or real... Oh, that’s not right. Just then as the hare turned to look, a tree was in its field of vision instead of the old man.

No way, could it be a coincidence? Tang En quickly dismissed this thought, because the moment the hare looked up once more at the butler, a tree once again come between its view just in time.

So that’s how... But Tang En immediately frowned again, even if that’s the case, what about the hare’s hearing? Those long ears cannot be fake. With such

a large human walking towards it, there must be many sounds.

While Tang En was feeling suspicious, the old butler has already made his way besides the hare.

Currently, the wild hare was focusing on eating the grass at its feet. Even so the hare was still clearly on high alert, as it periodically looked up and examine the four directions, its long ears twitching. But no matter how much it looked, it seems to never noticed the person quietly standing right beside it.

As he stared agape at the wild hare and the old butler, he suddenly felt a chill from behind his neck. Tang En twisted and peek behind himself.

“This is the Preliminary Invisible Form, want to learn it?” The old butler who had appeared there since who knows when asked.

Tang En looked at the wild hare in the distance still nonchalantly eating away at the grass, nodding his head vigorously.

—

Twilight, Southern Forest from Little Stone Village. A wild pheasant was happily pecking the ground while looking for food.

Half a day later, it suddenly lifted its head, looking carefully all around it. There was no living creatures in its view. But for some reason, it felt a foreboding sense of unease. The food on the ground however kept it from leaving, as it continue to eat. The gluttonous pheasant did not know that it has already entered a trap at this time.

“Phoosh” a soft sound resound, a basket quickly swept the wild pheasant inside.

“Cuckooo!” The frightened pheasant began to coo furiously, sounds of wings and feathers flapping continuously echoed from inside the basket.

“Oh ha ha ha... Dinner is served!”

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**Pick your favourite ( Undying Assassins )**

- Ultimate Assassin System (53%, 495 Votes)
- Assassin Farmer (47%, 436 Votes)

Total Voters: **931**

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# Chapter 4 – Legendary “Guarding a Tree Awaiting a Rabbit”

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The Legendary “Guarding a tree awaiting a rabbit”

- TL: AmeryEdge
- ED: JSmith

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Inside the forest, Tang En was gleefully tying up the wild pheasant using the vine ropes he made. After finishing, he went around to collect the various equipments and items he use for the trap; a short wooden club and a net made from small branches.

That’s right, this trap was laid out by Tang En. Of course, it was all under the instruction of the Housekeeper.

The problem with the crossbow’s accuracy cannot be solved in a short amount of time, especially with such a crude weapon. That’s why, after teaching Tang En some small methods for hiding, the old butler taught him how to make some simple traps. The result spoke for itself. Tang En finally solved his most pressing problem when coming to this new strange world, his aching stomach.

Now that the meat had been acquired, he had to worry about turning it into food. The Housekeeper recommended him to cook it Beggar’s Chicken style (1). The meal was simple and quick, the taste wasn’t bad, and most crucially they didn’t have to waste time plucking the chicken.

After successfully making a fire and bringing over some water from the well, Tang En prepared to deal with the peasant who was lying still waiting for it’s fate. Before, he did say that he had never even killed a chicken, and this was the truth.

Tang En’s background was ordinary, but his parents spoiled him quite a lot

during his youth and never let him do things like this. Furthermore, he just graduated and had not had the time to accumulate the necessary life skills, so he had yet to skin and cook his own chicken.

But, the hunger was real. The piece of rye bread before was the only thing he had since coming here.

Tang En sighed: "I must tell you, I am forced to do this. Chicken ah, today you fell into my hand so you must die, please quickly reincarnate and have a good next life..."

After gathering his resolve, he kneeled down beside the pheasant, his arms lifting up the short ax and sliced downward.

"Cuckoooo!" Fresh blood overflowing, the pheasant let out a final pitiful call.

Tang En could only feel his hands getting warmer. He looked down to see the pheasant blood covering his entire hand, a never ending torrent was streaming out non-stop. Who would had thought, the headless pheasant suddenly flapped its wings and ran away at high speed.

"Huh..."

Tang En's body went stiff. How unscientific can this get?

He had heard of boiled ducks being able to flap their wings, but he had never seen a headless chicken ran.

After running for dozens of metres, the comical scene finally ended, the pheasant fell down on the ground and completely stopped moving.

After that unreal experience, everything went smoothly. Tang En was finally able to taste this legendary meal after grilling the meat for some time. The nutritional value of pheasants was very high, there was plenty of fat and the flesh was of the highest quality. However, without condiment, spices or herbs, the taste itself was quite bland. Tang En was of course too hungry to pay this any mind. Furthermore, this was food he had acquired with his own hands, and he felt an immense satisfaction when eating it.

After several more days like this, Tang En began to settle into the forest.

He still hadn't come up with a future plan for his life in this foreign world. Tang

En didn't want to become an assassin. The danger was a part of it, but the main part was he was unable to get over his own self restriction. He was just a normal upstanding and honest student, even though he was just second class at best, committing murder for money wasn't something he can do.

Even though he didn't want to kill, he still trained diligently inside the Assassin Space. The Housekeeper gave him various tasks and he followed them obediently. This was mainly because he didn't really have anything else to do, but also because he wanted to be able to defend himself.

The old butler did not try to push him against his wish. He only arranged several assassination like games and tasked him to complete them. Even though Tang En was hesitant about becoming a killer, towards these kinds of games he didn't have any qualms.

Especially, the difficulty of these games were very high. Tang En trained for days but still had not passed the first door. This made the self proclaimed gaming genius feel very ashamed, so he focused all of his efforts into solving the puzzles.

The first door of the game involved stealing a treasure sword of a noble. This goal didn't seem to be very difficult from the outset, but everytime Tang En's head peeked out nearby the noble's mansion, the guard dogs would immediately discover him and barked non-stop. The guards would then come and kill him in one move, causing him to feel extremely frustrated. Luckily, this was only a virtual game, no mouse or keyboards to speak of, or else a countless number of them would have already been smashed by him.

Lunch time was coming.

"Damnit, again with the damn dog, don't let me have a chance to get to you, or I'll cut you into pieces!" Tang En angrily carried his hunting gears as he searched for a place to set up the trap.

This was the first time he had successfully knocked a guard out. He even managed to climb over the walls and headed inside the room of the noble, but before he can celebrate, a rousing round of barking sounded out. Tang En once again became hunted to death by the guards. Your Mother, you are a guard dog, why did you wander to the back of the house?

Ooh, what a fat rabbit. Too bad I can't catch it... Tang En drool was already flowing while staring at the hare hiding several tens of metres away.

Tang En unconsciously observed the four directions, even though he was at a disadvantage, the forest was dense and there was plenty of cover... Ah, what the heck am I thinking. Do you think you are the Housekeeper? Tang En quietly mock himself.

But in the end, he couldn't help but step forward. Fine, let's just give it a try, I wouldn't lose anything if I failed anyway.

Tang En licked his lips and slowly crawled towards the hare.

Calm mind, still heart, breathe deeply and observe everything.

See when the hare is grazing, see when it looks up, see the trees that will cover you, the distance between them, see the dried twigs underneath your feet.

Slowly and surely.

At this moment, Tang En was quietly walking, his eyes did not waver, his mind focusing only in the method of movement taught by the old butler.

He was like a shadow of a ghost, steps after steps, the wild hare was completely unaware of his presence.

Inside the space, the Housekeeper calmly looked at the events transpiring, the corner of his mouth slightly raising, "Not bad, you have already trained to this stage. However, would it be so easily caught?"

With over a dozen metres between them, Tang En had made it half way.

Suddenly, the hare's two large ears shot up, it carefully examines the area in front of it.

There was only normal trees and plants, the forest breeze was blowing by pushing the leaves around, causing many noises.

The hare used its nose to sniff several time, then pulling back its eyes and continue to eat.

Tang En stood behind a tree, his eyes frowning. Just then he had only took half a step before the rabbit had sensed him. Is it impossible to get closer? If it was,

how did the old butler did it? I can't figure it out...

Calm down, calm down. There had to be a way.

With this distance, the rabbit will continue to graze while I am behind wind. The problem might be related to sound. I can't hear my own footsteps, but that doesn't mean it can't.

How do I make the rabbit hear the sound but remain unalert? Damnit, the more I think the harder it is to understand. Tang En breathe in quietly, this rabbit is not so simple...

At this time, a light suddenly went off in his mind. Tang En lifted his head to look at the leaves falling and flying around, making soft noises. Noises? Noises.

Tang En frowned, in a blink of an eye, he took a step out from behind the tree. Ten metres away, the rabbit shows no reaction.

Success! So that's the trick. Tang En tried his best to restrain the excitement he felt and slowly walked forward.

Inside the space, the old butler lightly nodded. This kid really did have hidden talent.

Tang En at best, was a rookie assassin student, he had only began to learn some small concealment technique. Actually, he couldn't even be called a rookie. The sound of his footsteps was impossible to erase, and the rabbit's ears weren't useless. If there was any strange sound, it will be instantly alerted.

But this time, the rabbit's problem was that there was "no strange sounds". To a rabbit, occasional noises coming from the forest was something normal, so Tang En had used the sound of leaves to his advantage.

But, could it really be that easy? Everybody knows the wind in the forest was erratic, maybe if there was someone with ample experience, they would be able to tell the rhythm of the wind, but that kind of person was definitely not the current Tang En.

When Tang En was three metres away from the rabbit, the wind abruptly stopped.

The rabbit looked up. With such a close distance, Tang En could even see the



rabbit's mouth and teeth as it chewed on grass.

The moment the wind stopped, Tang En immediately leapt forward with the net when he realised he was in a disadvantageous situation.

Tang En's reaction was not slow, but the rabbit was faster. Its powerful hind leg moved, quickly shooting it past the net.

Damn, failure at the last moment! Tang En fell flat, his mouth grimacing in pain.

“Thud...”

Not waiting for Tang En to fully regret, a loud noise sounded out right next to him.

He looked over full of surprise and temporarily became dazed.

Before, he had heard of a line from a movie. “Life is like a box of chocolate, you never know what you are going to get.” Back then Tang En didn't really have any particular feeling about this quote.

However, right now, as he looked upon the dead rabbit lying next to him, Tang En suddenly felt that the quote made a lot of sense. During its panicked escape, the rabbit had rammed head first into the nearby tree trunk, knocking itself out.

“Ha ha, this is the “Guarding a Tree Awaiting a Rabbit” parable coming to life! (2) The ancestors really didn't deceive me.” Tang En picked up the unlucky hare with a refreshing feeling.

Tang En's culinary skills were limited, and this was only when applied to chicken. He really didn't know if he should try make “Beggar's Hare” or not. After these past few days, he had grown friendly with the old farmer. Whenever he hunted any food, he would bring some to share with him.

The old farmer's wife had long passed away, and he also didn't want to follow his sons into the city, so he had remained here by himself. Even though he didn't really need to worry about food and clothing, he was always lonely. Seeing Tang En carrying a fat rabbit while walking towards his house, his eyes brightened. He quickly came out and welcomed Tang En.

Weighing the rabbit with his hand, the old farmer's face showed obvious joy:

“This damn beast had lived a full life, it weigh at least 5 pounds. Tang, thanks to your hard work we can eat well today.”

Tang En laughed and said, “This isn’t my labor. My luck was great today, I just stepped outside when I saw this dumb rabbit leaping into a tree and killing itself. Ha ha!”

“Hahaha, Tang, you really do like to joke. Wait a bit, this old man will take care of this rabbit first. You go down to the basement and grab some olive wine, today we must feast.” The olive wine was made by the old farmer using a green fruit commonly found in this area, and it had a tangy flavour to it.

“Good idea!”

The old farmer whipped up some simple meals using the meat at a very fast pace. After half an hour, he had already brought out two plate of rabbit meat, one fried one stewed. They had distinctly different tastes, and the smell alone was enough to make people want to chow down on them.

Tang En grabbed two wine cup and poured the olive wine inside.

The old farmer rubbed his hands and said, “Today I will only make these two meals. The rest of the meat had already been marinated, tomorrow I’ll make you some smoked rabbit meat. The taste cannot be underestimated. Tsk tsk..”

“Ha ha, very good.” Tang En was very happy.

Food and wine already set up, but Tang En didn’t hurriedly eat. After these few days, he understood that the old farmer was a devout believer. Every meal, he always prayed.

“I thank the Light God for gifting us this meal...”

The god the old farmer prayed to was the male statue standing atop the small church inside the village, called the Light God. Aside from the monthly expense and taxes for the land, the rest of his money was donated to the church.

These days, while talking with the old man, Tang En learnt that he was at the Caesar Continent. This world was ruled by a mix of Monarchy and Theocracy. About the Monarchy system, it was similar to other monarchies that Tang En had learnt about in history.

Tang En's location was in the Titus Kingdom, one of the two big kingdoms of Caesar Continent. About the other kingdom, while one can call it a kingdom, it was no different from a tribe. The North Desolate Tribe.

A mountain cannot contain two tigers. Wars were constantly waged between the Titus Kingdom and the North Desolate Tribe. But to the old farmer, this matter was too far away, because Little Stone village was at the south of the kingdom. In his entire life, he had never met a terrifying "Barbarian" of the North Desolate Tribe.

The thing that piqued Tang En's interest the most was when the old farmer talked about the existence of Magic and Battle Qi. Of course, even though Tang En wanted to know more, the old man knew very little about these subjects.

About magic, the old farmer can only say that he heard it was an extremely prestigious ability, in his entire life, he had only ever seen Father York perform Healing. That's right, it was the same strange light Tang En first saw when he woke up.

About Battle Qi, the old man only knows that the noble with the highest position in the local area was a Knight Master with that kind of ability.

After the old farmer finished praying, Tang En couldn't wait anymore and dig in, he constantly shoveled the rabbit meat inside his mouth.

After a few pieces of meat and cups of wine, the old farmer began to get long-winded. The content was the same as before, but the length of the story was totally different.

Something about the granddaughter of the Village Chief John having good fate, being tutored by Father York and introduced to the Light God church, a few days ago she was sent to a distant monastery to be trained...

Or the story of when he was young, he saw a magician flying across the sky, with a lift of his hand destroying some unknown evil beast...

After that, he talked about the stories he had heard from travelling minstrels. Tang En lifted the wine cup and smiled. Life was interesting here.

Downing the drink, he silently thought, "Father, mother, I am okay now. You two shouldn't worry too much..."

(1) [Beggar's Chicken](#)

(2) 守株待兔 or literally Hug Tree Wait Rabbit, is the saying that is used to allude to people people who are lazy or stupid, and could only coast through life on other's efforts. The original tale is about a farmer who was sleeping underneath a tree when a rabbit ran by and accidentally killed itself jumping into a tree. The farmer then quit farming and sat by the tree all day everyday to wait for another rabbit, but it never came. [\[Full story here\]](#)

**Pick your favourite ( Undying Assassins )**

- Ultimate Assassin System (53%, 495 Votes)
- Assassin Farmer (47%, 436 Votes)

Total Voters: **931**



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# Chapter 5 – The First System Mission

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## The First System Mission

- TL: AmeryEdge
- ED: Azusky, JSmith

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The alcohol content of the olive wine wasn't very high, but due to the delicious food, Tang En ended up drinking quite a considerable amount. By the time he woke up, the sun had already begun to set.

Tang En skillfully deflected the old farmer's kind invitation to sleep over and returned to his wooden hut in the forest. This was not because Tang En wanted to put up a front, but rather because the old farmer's house had only one bed, and Tang En didn't want to trouble the old man by sleeping in it. Furthermore, these past few days he had grown accustomed to the wooden "castle in the sky" he built. This was something very new to someone who has only ever lived in concrete dwellings.

He had just woken up from a long nap, and thus did not feel like going back to sleep. Instead, he headed back inside the space of the assassin system the moment he arrived back home.

What he found inside was an exact replica of the outside, even his own position was the same. Tang En felt puzzled about why the old butler had created a copy of the real world. The only difference from the outside was a large intricate wooden house built atop a large tree branch.

Of course, the wooden house was made by the old butler and could not be compared with his "genius creation" in the real world. The gap between their abilities was like heaven and earth. Even though Tang En had made plenty of modification to his abode, it was no-where near the level of this wooden house.

The old butler stood there quietly as always. If there was a camera to take photos with, Tang En would dare to bet that his posture did not change a fraction of an inch in comparison to when Tang En had last saw him.

“Good evening, Tang En.”

“Ah... Good evening, Housekeeper.” Tang En looked at the blazing sunlight shining down on them, and felt a little dumb playing along with the Housekeeper’s greeting.

He quickly went straight to the point: “Old Housekeeper, let me play the game. I will definitely get my revenge tonight!”

The great progress during lunch time was completely out of Tang En’s expectations and had given him a boost of confidence. Right now, the only thing he wanted to do was to make mincemeat out of the damn guard dog who had obstructed him for days.

“My pleasure.” The old butler waved his hand, causing their surrounding to change to that of the finely decorated garden of the noble’s mansion. Tang En’s heart was set on getting revenge, so he didn’t pay any attention to any of the complex and beautiful design around him. He slowly walked deeper into the game.

Truthfully speaking, his concealment ability had improved a lot. This time, he successfully infiltrated past the wall of the mansion, and made his way behind the vicious guard dog.

“Who told you to be so arrogant, who told you to have such a big mouth, and you even dared to bite me...” Tang En excitedly held the dagger and stabbed the intimidating dog. Since it was a surprise attack, the dog could only struggle for a little while before dying.

But causing such a large commotion alerted the guards of the manor, who quickly surrounded him. Tang En seemed unfazed. He even whispered “I’ll be back...” before dying from the blades of the guards.

True to his words, Tang En returned right after the game booted him out.

Moments later,

“Who told you to be arrogant, who told you to be nosey, since I said I’ll stab you 10 times then I’ll stab you 10 times...”

The old butler remained deadpan as he watch Tang En excitedly running back inside the game after every death. The corner of his mouth slightly twitched, “Hmm, well that can be considered as a kind of talent. Maybe I should develop him into a blood-thirsty assassin type?”

The butler did not stop Tang En while he was going about in the game, since he could comprehensively observe Tang En’s stealth capabilities during these kind of repetitive situations..

Hours later, Tang En was finally completed his great goal of stabbing the dog ten times. Afterwards, taking advantage of his refreshed mind, he sneaked directly into the noble’s room and stole his sword.

“Ha ha...” Looking at the golden “Mission Complete”, Tang En put his hands on his hips and laughed loudly towards the sky.

“Ding, congratulation on Tang En assassin’s completion of the “Steal the noble’s sword” mission.”

“Difficulty: F-, Performance Evaluation: F—

Experience gained: 25 points.”

“Ding, Title System unlocked. Title acquired, Natural Enemy of Vicious Dogs. With this title, all guard dogs will run away from the title holder on sight.”

Natural Enemy of Vicious Dogs? Your Grandmother! What kind of title is that?

Finished listening to the report, Tang En became speechless.

The Housekeeper said, “Congratulation on your completion of the mission!”

“Ha ha, just a small matter.” Looking at the butler’s expression, Tang En could tell that he wasn’t making fun of him.

The old butler said seriously, “You did well. Titles are very difficult to acquire inside the system. Furthermore, all title abilities carry on to the outside world.”

“They have an effect even in reality?” Tang En was surprised.

“Of course, all abilities, titles and other things gained inside the system will

have effects in the real world.”

Tang En nodded in understanding. He summoned the Assassin Profile Board and discovered that aside from the titles, there were also other things. First on the list was the Natural Enemy of Vicious Dogs title, beneath that were 25 points. In the ability column, behind Preliminary Concealment was the word [Mastered], Preliminary Arrangement were [Newly Acquired], while behind Preliminary Killing were [Newly Acquired Bow Skill].

“Housekeeper, anymore games? Take them out.” Tang En just tasted his first success, and was eager to keep his streak up.

The butler shook his head: “I don’t want you to keep playing these simple games. In a moment, you will be receiving a mission from the system.”

“System Mission?”

“That’s right. It has been seven days since you activated the Assassin System. These seven days are safe days granted to a beginner. In a few minutes, your protected period will end. At that time you will have to start a mission given by the system.”

“What is the content of that mission?”

“I don’t know, this is up to the system.”

“Fine, but what did you mean about me having to complete it? If I don’t...” Tang En suddenly felt a sense of unease.

“This is a mission chosen by the system for assassins, if you don’t complete it...” The Housekeeper paused for a while, and then said, “I once told you, since you are already chosen by the system, you won’t have a choice but become an assassin.”

“I will die won’t I?” Tang En asked solemnly.

The old butler did not reply. Instead, he lifted his head and looked at the sky of the Assassin Space.

The mechanical voice of the system rang out.

“Ding. The seven-day protective period has ended.”



“Ding. Beginning true assassin missions. Warning, there is only one possible result for these missions. If the assassin fails, their name will be crossed from the list.”

“True Assassin Mission: Kill Father York. Task Completion Time Limit: 72 hours.”

“Begin countdown for mission. Beep, beep, beep...”

Tang En’s mouth dropped, speechless.

Even though the old butler had already hinted to him the seriousness of the missions, Tang En really did not have any luck. There were many kinds of missions, like before, he completed a theft mission. This was something he was willing to do. If worst came to worst he could just return the items. But now, he realised how truly naïve he was. The Assassin System’s aim is to create assassins, so of course there will be killing.

“York... Father York?” Tang En panicked.

The old butler replied, “Yes.”

“Your Mother, why? He, he’s a good person!” Maybe due to the old butler’s emotionless eyes, Tang En’s throat tightens, his face increasingly became furious as he yelled loudly at him.

The butler only replied, “First off, this mission was not created by me. Second, only God may judge a man’s true goodness...”

“Fuck God. You have met Father York, haven’t you? If he isn’t a good person than who is?”

The old butler said, “He gave you some bread, does that automatically make him a good person?”

Tang En angrily shouted, “Stop lying, who in Little Stone village hasn’t been helped by him? Who doesn’t call him a kind person?”

“The butcher supplies food and shelter for his pigs. To the pigs, is the butcher a kind person? Furthermore Tang En, haven’t you realised it yet? You are an assassin. The only thing assassins have to care about is the target, not whether they are good or bad.”

Tang En looked at the old butler full of despise. “A person who harms his own friends is garbage.”

“There is no point in us quarrelling. If you continue to stubbornly stick to your way of thinking, why not make use of your skills? You have already mastered the Preliminary Concealment technique, which includes disguise. Whether or not he deserves it, why not find out for yourself?”

“Fine, I’ll go and see with my own eyes tomorrow. I will use the truth to prove you wrong. I would rather die instead of killing Father York.”

“I will be watching.”

After being quiet for some time, Tang En spoke, “Even if it was not Father York, I wouldn’t kill people. I have already said this.”

“You have also said that you haven’t killed chicken, but...”

“That’s a totally different matter!”

Tang En interrupted the old butler, and left the space.

“Your Mother!” Tang En breathed in deeply and punched the wooden house.

The moonlight illuminated Tang En through the opened window. He laid down on the wooden bed and stared at the stars in the sky through the gaps in the roof. The forest was silent at night, the only sounds were from insects and strange birds, deepening the dark, quiet atmosphere.

The calm night-time allowed Tang En to slowly gather his mind.

“Such a beautiful night, can I only see it three more times?” Tang breathed in the scent of wood and mumbled to himself.

Towards death, Tang En of course felt fear. But... Tang En tightened his fist, Father York was a good man. Good people don’t deserve death, especially not by his own hands.

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**Pick your favourite ( Undying Assassins )**

- Ultimate Assassin System (53%, 495 Votes)
- Assassin Farmer (47%, 436 Votes)

Total Voters: **931**

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# Chapter 6 – Spying on Father York

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## Spying on Father York

- TL: AmeryEdge
- ED: Azusky, Rainbowdash

[Amery: Psst, hey kids, wanna not burn your eyes out while reading? Give these new-fangled options a try. Still being heavily tested, and do let us know whether or not to keep it. If you get lost and want to change back, scroll down to the very bottom of the home page to access these toggles.]

- [Toggle High Contrast](#)
- [Toggle Grayscale](#)
- [Toggle Font size](#)

—

Bong, bong, bong ...

The next morning, Tang En woke to the loud sound of bells.

“What is that ringing? Seems like it’s coming from Little Stone village.”

Tang En shook himself awake and left the wooden house. Looking towards Little Stone village, he saw a layer of smog shrouding the entire area due to chimney smoke.

In contrast to the confused Tang En, Little Stone villagers were familiar with the weekly ringing of the bells. They all knew that this was the summoning signal for all believers to attend prayers. All believers from the surrounding farms had already made their way to the church since early hours.

Little Stone villagers flooded their way out past the gate. Right now, even the laziest person of the village was heading towards the church.

Gradually, there were more and more people concentrated there. Luckily there

was a small patch of land right in front of the church. If not, this tiny chapel would have already collapsed.

After nine rings of the bell, Father York stepped out while wearing a flat black robe.

“The compassionate Light God gaze down upon us, devout believers and everyone alike on this fine morning. Today is the time of the week for prayers, and I am overjoyed that you all could be here to take part.”

“Before the prayer ceremony starts, I would like to make an announcement. Simply put, during noon, a Light God Church’s All-Encompassing Patrol Inspector Envoy will be coming to our chapel, bringing with him kind greetings from the Light God Federation.”

The moment Father York finished speaking, the crowd went into an uproar. Every single one of their faces were filled with joy and excitement. The Light God Federation were the ones closest to God, and a Light God Federation Envoy was practically a walking deity to them.

Having finished his announcement, Father York began the prayer ceremony.

Tang En hid inside the sea of people and observed Father York’s every move. His bearing was peaceful, his face kind, and there was not a single point of irregularity. Tang En really had a hard time believing Father York was truly a bad person.

The entire prayer went on for some time, and if it was like usual, most believers would gradually leave at the end of the prayer. Only a few devoted ones would stay and discuss with Father York about the scripture. But today, because of the important person’s upcoming arrival, the majority of the believers were still crowding around the chapel.

Tang En seized this opportunity to stroll around the inner hall of the church. In reality, Little Stone Village’s chapel was quite small. Walking around, the first thing he noticed was a large bell. Behind the bell was the altar. In front of the altar were two long rows of seats, and in the corner lies the confessional booth. Father York was currently sitting inside the booth, attentively talking to believers who were repenting or having doubts.

Behind the altar was the resident of Father York. Tang En silently snuck past the confessional booth and inspected the living quarters, however he still couldn't find anything of note. The room was furnished with a simple bed and table along with a bookshelf full of religious scripts. Before leaving, Tang En left a small hidden gap underneath the window that would allow him to get back inside later on.

Since his search ended up fruitless, Tang En returned to the corner of the Bishop Hall and silently watched over Father York.

Throughout the morning, Father York remained inside the confessional booth, intently solving all the confusions that believers were having.

It was not until noon when Father York came out.

Currently, Father York's expression was slightly embarrassed, because the so-called All-Encompassing Patrol Inspector still had not come. After waiting for another hour, Father York made an announcement that the Inspector Envoy was probably resting at the nearby Black Rock City for another day. He urged everyone to return home and wait for his second announcement.

The mass of believers who had waited until they were starving could only pack up and disgruntledly head home. Very quickly, the bustling hall of the chapel emptied.

Father York and the few remaining devoted believers cleaned up the surroundings of the chapel. No matter what, since so many people had come, there was naturally dirt and trash lying about.

Seeing that it would take awhile before they would be finished wrapping up, Tang En headed outside to where the old farmer was having his lunch. The old farmer was also present during the entire prayer ceremony, so there was no time to cook anything fancy, there wasn't even any smoked rabbit meat. He only gathered some simple food and ate it to pass the time. While eating, he regretfully lamented about the Envoy who did not come.

After he finished lunch, Tang En returned to the chapel's altar. Right now, everybody had left and Father York was having an afternoon nap.

Tang En snuck towards the hidden entrance he had previously left beneath the

windows. He softly parted the small gap and peek inside. Seeing that Father York was sleeping, he climbed out of the window and did a few more laps around the chapel. Finally, he ended up atop of the altar's beams. When he came here this morning, he immediately took note of this location. From here, not only could he observe the entire hall, he could also keep an eye on the outside surroundings. It was killing two birds with one stone.

It was needless to say that ever since he had crossed over, he had managed to learn various useful things from the Assassin System. If it was the him from before, he would not have been able to find such a good hiding location.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Father York left his bed. After wiping his face, he locked the main door of the chapel and headed towards the village. Soon, he resumed his usual schedule of visiting the lonely elders in the village and preached the gospel to them.

As Tang En trailed him, he saw the satisfied smiles on the elderly farmer's faces and heard the occasional laughter that rang out from afar. Tang En began to really feel that his spying was a despicable act.

Maybe because he was worried that the Inspector Envoy would suddenly arrive, Father York didn't go to the outer perimeter of the village. After two more hours the sky turned dark. Father York shook the hands of the elders and began his journey back to the church.

"Huh?" Tang En was suddenly startled.

Because as soon as Father York was out of the elderly's sights, he quickly wrangled his hands, and his peaceful expression was immediately replaced by a hateful look, his mouth whispering something.

From Tang En's point of view, he could tell that he was clearly swearing based on the lip movements.

Not waiting for Tang En to process his reaction, Father York kindly greeted a peasant woman returning from work. His smile was calm and peaceful just like before, without a trace of its previous disdain.

Tang En scratched his nose. Right now he wasn't sure if what he saw before was just an illusion.

Getting suspicious, Tang En headed towards the chapel. While hiding at the deepest corner atop the church's beam, he watched as Father York opened the door and walked inside.

Right now, Father York's expression did not contain a trace of gentleness, and by the time he made his way to the back living quarters, his face even seemed to be fierce.

Tang En looked at the departing Father York from upon the ceiling beams. He swiftly jumped down and headed directly to the back.

Father York's room was still lit up brightly, but the strangely enough, Tang En could not see any shadow or movement from outside the window! There was not even a sound.

Tang En clenched his teeth and risked sneaking a peek through the hidden gap.

The room was completely empty. Tang En was dumbfounded. Even though it was fairly dark, he could swear that Father York had entered this room without a doubt.

Tang En directly opened the window and entered the room.

The inside of the room remained exactly as it was in the morning, without any difference.

Could there be a hidden door? This was Tang En's first thought, and also the most likely possibility.

When these kinds of buildings contained a hidden door, it usually lead underground. Tang En bent down to inspect the floor. When he reached the bookshelf, he discovered traces of something being moved. What's more, the base of the bookshelf was not connected directly to the ground, but was instead protected by a layer of steel.

Tang En stood beside the bookshelf, put some strength into his arms and pushed. The entire bookshelf immediately moved, revealing stairs leading downwards. Now, Tang En was convinced that Father York was not a simple character. No normal person would build a hidden chamber underneath their bookshelves.



Tang En headed down the spiral staircase. After several dozens steps, he could vaguely detect the sound of insane laughter as well as miserable cries. These two kinds of sounds intermixed inside the narrow corridors, creating a solemn atmosphere.

At the end of the stairs was a corridor, and the further he walked the clearer the laughter and crying sounds grew. Tang En saw a bright white light coming from around the corner. The sound was coming from this place.

As Tang En calmed his mind, he hugged the corner closely and carefully looked around it little by little.

There was a moderately large space inside, its walls lit brightly by torches.

In the middle of the space was a large steel pillar, and on the pillar was wrapped several black chains, the two ends of the chains connected to the body of two young girls in tattered clothing.

Right now, Father York did not seem a tiny bit peaceful. His face was consumed by a gruesome and fierce expression. He took off his black robe and curled up the white uniform, turning it into a whip and lashed it at the young girls' bodies while laughing hysterically.

"Pray to me, beg to me... ha ha.."

"I beg you... Please don't hit, Ah... Please don't hit..."

"No hitting? Hmm, then do you remember what I told both of you last night?"

"Ah! We Remember! We must devote ourselves to serving... serving the Inspector Envoy."

"Hmm... Your memories aren't too bad Mary. In order to reward you, here are a few whips... Ha ha ha ha..."

"Please no... AH! Ah ah..."

"Struggling? Use all your energy to struggle, ha ha ha..."

This fucker! Tang En couldn't believe that he thought that Father York was a good person. Looking at this scene, Tang En wanted to immediately rush out.

"Ha ha, don't worry, I won't let any permanent scar remain on your soft,

supple skin.” York laughed loudly while he made a seal in midair. Two bright halos shined down on the two young girls’ bodies. One could see the whip marks on their bodies quickly disappearing inside the light.

“Look, isn’t everything fine now? Let us start anew...”

“No, please don’t... Don’t hit...” The two young girls seemed to be on the verge of collapsing. Healing magic could only treat flesh wounds, it did not lessen the mental damage they had suffered.

The two halos of lights woke Tang En out of his stupor. This place was too well lit, without a single obstacle or hiding spot. Frankly, his chance of success was low.

If he dashed out right now, he would not be a match for Father York at all. If he failed, it wouldn’t matter, but if these two young girls lost any hope of rescue, they might have a mental breakdown.

Tang En was currently regretting endlessly that he did not learn any killing techniques from the Housekeeper, instead he learnt how to hunt with a crossbow...

Oh? Tang En’s mind spun, as a thought suddenly appeared in his head.

Tang En looked at the two young girls and gritted his teeth. He turned around and ran towards the stairs. At the edge of the steps, Tang En deliberately made a small commotion, and then immediately rushed upwards.

“Who?”

A clear voice rang out in the dark, but Tang En ignored it and kept running. When outside, he quickly returned the bookshelf to its original place. Making sure that he had left no traces, Tang En leapt out of the window.

Leaving Father York’s room, Tang En ran straight back to his forest cabin. From the chapel, the southern forest near Little Stone Village was only a ten minute trip away.

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**Pick your favourite ( Undying Assassins )**

- Ultimate Assassin System (53%, 495 Votes)
- Assassin Farmer (47%, 436 Votes)

Total Voters: **931**

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# Chapter 7 – For Whom Was The Bell Rung?

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For Whom Was The Bell Rung?

- TL: AmeryEdge
- ED: LtBeefy, Rainbowdash, JSmith

—

At dusk, there was a knock at the front door of the Little Stone Village chapel.

Seconds later, Father York who was wearing a black robe opened the door and stepped out. A man wearing a thick dark overall appeared, his face obscured by a large brimmed hat. Father York had seen many wearing similar clothing before. They were often people who had come to ask for God’s forgiveness and did not want others to recognise them.

When the man spoke, the content was exactly as Father York had anticipated.

“Father, I’m sorry to disturb you so late at night. The sins in my heart would not stop tormenting me, thus I could only find you to confess.”

“Ha ha, no problem. The Light God will always welcome you here, and so will his servants.” said Father York gently while opening the door.

The man nodded, and he prayed in thanks. He then reached out to lower his hat further and walked inside the chapel.

“Okay, you may begin.” Once inside the confession booth, Father York spoke.

This so-called confessional booth was actually very similar to a carriage. In front of the booth was a window that allowed people to communicate to the outside area, with only a black piece of cloth separating the two. This was also to help keep the anonymity of believers.

“Father, I am guilty!”

“Everybody in this world is guilty. As long as you wholeheartedly confess, God

will forgive you.”

These bland cliché lines were mechanically spoken by Father York, who had probably said it dozens of times everyday. But he couldn't seem to concentrate, because he was still too busy thinking about the noise he had previously heard in the dungeon. Could it be that he had misheard? Or could it be just some noise a rat made?

“Well... does that mean that even you have sinned, father?”

“Ah, of course. Everyday I repent about the fact that I am not better able to spread the graciousness of God to everybody.” Father York answered full of sincerity.

The breath of the man inside grew heavy... What? Are you ashamed by difference or something? Father York quietly thought.

“But right now I want to commit a crime, and I cannot stop myself.”

“Then you must sincerely beg for forgiveness, beg the gods to grant you the strength to control yourself.”

The man inside asked, “But I want to know, if I really commit this crime, would God forgive me?”

“If you repent with all your heart, God will definitely forgive you.”

“Phew... Praise God!” The man suddenly breathe in relief.

“Praise God!” Father York stood up. Finally, he could finally get rid of this confusing so-called sinner. He was deciding whether or not to go rest or continue the “entertainment” session he was having earlier. Hm, let's go teach those little girls another lesson, that feeling... it was incomparably wonderful.

“Father.”

“What?” Father York's mind was still deep in his fantasy as he automatically answered.

“Thank you for the bread.”

“What...!?”

Phoosh!

The dark coat on the man who had come to confess moved slightly, revealing a loaded crossbow. Right after that, the bolts were fired, and they were heading towards...

Phoosh, Phoosh, Phoosh!

The black cloth covering the confession booth was quickly pierced with several holes, following which the sounds of wood cracking and breaking resounds.

“Hoh... Hoh... Hoh...”

As soon as the sound of the arrows ended, the man in the black coat began to breath heavily, as if he was out of breathe. Lifting up the brim of the hat, he wiped the sweat on his forehead. This was of course Tang En.

Tang En held his crossbow as he opened the door of the confessional booth. Father York’s two eyes were still wide open, with blood streaming down his body. The killing arrow lied at his heart, covered by both of his hands. That wound had taken his life.

“My sins, God may forgive. Yours however, I don’t know if your “Boss” will forgive...”

—

Three thousand meters to the East of Little Stone Village.

A squad of knights fully covered in holy armor marched forward slowly. The reason their speed was slow was not because they had weak horses, on the contrary, their horses were pure bred, exceptionally strong and solid. The reason for their current pace was the extravagant carriage at the center of their formation.

The small window of the horse carriage suddenly opened, revealing an ancient face full of wrinkles but still brimming with intelligence. The knights stationed nearby hastily approached the carriage.

“Bernie, how long until we get there?”

The knight did not dare to slack. He respectfully replied, “Sethman sir, we are about an hour away from the Little Stone Village chapel.”

“Hm, this damned road. I hope it won’t break my carriage.”

Bernie quickly inspected the carriage and yelled out, “Don’t worry sir, your carriage is not damaged at all.” Dammit, with this kind of speed, if it was damaged in any way that could only be the works of ghosts.

“Good!” Sethman sighed in relief inside the carriage and continued, “Tell me a little about the chapel at Little Stone village.”

“Yes sir!” The knight named Bernie seemed to have already gathered a lot of information. He quickly spoke, “Little Stone Village chapel, around a thousand in believers. The manager is York, a low-level cleric. His area of responsibility includes the small village, its farm and the surrounding four farms. These five farms all belong to the local Knight’s fiefdom.”

“Five farms, a thousand believers... Un, this York is a definitely a talented individual!”

Bernie nodded in agreement, he continued, “Last month, York had sent a request letter for a promotion, right now he is currently being inspected. Sir, should we...”

“Let’s go see him first. If he’s someone with a brain, then we will promote him. Bernie, when we are at the village wake me up, I want to grab some sleep. Ah, I’m already so old, this body also isn’t very good anymore.”

Bernie quickly replied, “I understand. You have already been through a long journey, please take care of yourself.” You’re old? Last night you were still playing around with the two nuns...

Sethman of course did not hear the silent curses inside Bernie’s mind. He nodded approvingly and shut the carriage window. Suddenly.

Bong, bong, bong...

“Huh? This is the church bell.” Sethman was dumbfounded.

This place was south of the Kingdom, so there was no need to equip it with an alarm bell like the ones at the northern frontlines. The ringing of bells at this place was without a doubt the bells of a church.

“That’s right. Based on the direction of the sound, it came from Little Stone Village.”

Sethman became furious, “Is this York screwing around? Why is he ringing the bells at this hour?”

The bell of the church was not something that can be rung without reason. Only during the weekly prayer or big celebrations, or when God descends will the bell be rung.

Bernie could only throw his hand in the air. He really didn’t know what was going on.

“Speed up. Let’s go see what’s going on!”

—

Like the Sethman group, the villagers in Little Stone village were all looking towards the chapel full of surprise.

The majority of them were believers, so of course they knew the meaning of the chapel’s bell ringing. But they had never heard the church bell ringing at this time.

Bong, bong, bong...

The bell continuously rang without pause.

The villagers looked at each other, then put down whatever they were doing and headed to the chapel.

The Little Stone village was not that large, and the farms were also not too far away. Dozens of steps later, they were at the church.

Then, the bell suddenly stopped.

“Father York! Father York!”

The first person who ran towards the chapel was a peasant woman. She shouted while knocking on the door, but before she could even get pass two calls, the big door slowly opened.

The first thing that she noticed was the bell inside the main hall, but besides that there was not another soul.

“Who’s pranking us?”

“Father York...” She called out once more, and headed to the altar in the main



hall. Everybody here knew that Father York was behind the altar.

The door to altar hall was also not locked. With a light pushed, it opened.

“Huh, Father York, why are you sitting on the floor?” Right now, the sky had long turned dark, and the hall was also pitch black. However, the woman could still make out the figure of someone leaning over, their back leaning against a podium, facing the door.

The figure did not reply, seemingly like they were focused on something on the ground.

The woman did not suspect anything unusual. She walked forward, planning to talk to Father York....

—

“AH!”

A bloodcurdling scream sounded out, causing the villagers who had come to the chapel to be startled.

Inside the altar, the peasant woman had already fallen over, her finger shaking as she pointed ahead, “Yo... Father York... dea... he’s dead...”

“What” Everyone’s expression changed as they looked inside in horror.

In a moment, the oil lamp inside the room was lit.

Father York wore a black robe, his back leaning against the podium, blood streaming from several holes on his chest. The Light God symbol he wore on his chest was painted red, while the blood formed a large puddle on the ground.

“Father York!”

“Oh God, how did it come to this!? Hu hu...”

“Who did this? I will kill him immediately!”

“Huh, there’s something on the ground, almost like written words.”

Seeing Father York dying so tragically, all the villagers became enraged. One must say, Father York’s performance in Little Stone village was exceptional. He had completely succeeded in creating goodwill between him and the villagers, as well as projecting a kind figure. Today, such a good person was killed so viciously,

who wouldn't be angry?

Everybody was currently drowned in anger, and they cursed the murderer endlessly. Suddenly, some people noticed the bloodstained writing from father York's hand.

"Huh, is that a key?"

"Are those the words the murderer has left behind?"

"Can anybody read? Read it aloud." Several villagers quickly called out.

"Out of the way, I'm coming through." A farmer with a long beard headed inside. He spoke, "Un, it says the truth lies at the back of the hall."

"The back of the hall? That's Father York's sleeping quarters..."

"Could it be that the murderer is still here?"

"Let's go, leave some people here to watch over Father York, the rest let's come and catch the culprit."

Everybody took up anything that could become a weapon and headed to Father York's room.

When they pushed their way inside, they were greeted with an empty room. However, the bookshelf was already pushed out of the way, revealing a hidden staircase under the floor.

Ah, why would there be a hidden staircase underneath Father York's room?

The villagers looked at each other with suspicion in their eyes. Finally there was some brave people who went down, and they ended up discovering the two little girl who had been tortured relentlessly.

"Hey, old John, isn't this your granddaughter? Didn't Father York send her to the convent to be trained?"

"And this, isn't this Mary from the nearby village? Several days ago, I even met her parents."

"That's right, but didn't she get recommended to the Federation by Father York? Why is she here?"

The two girls were stunned by the sudden appearance of so many people.

After calming down, they began to cry loudly as they talked about the things they had suffered.

When everybody returned to the altar and saw Father York's corpse, their expressions were complex.

The two girls wanted to see his dead body for themselves, but were stopped by everybody. They could only lean on the peasant woman's chest and cry ceaselessly. The two were tortured by York for so long, currently their fear and joy were intertwined. After crying for awhile more, they passed out.

All of a sudden, the altar became quiet.

The villagers had never imagined that the happy and kind Father York that always helped others they knew about was secretly such a despicable villain. What was more, Father York was a servant of the Light God, who often preached and convinced everyone to believe in the same sacred being. Right now, all their beliefs were collapsing, and they did not know what to say.

At this time, a man walked out from inside the crowd. Everybody in the village all knew each other, and they recognised that this was John. After listening to his own daughter cry from inside the underground dungeon, he still remained quiet.

Old John stood in front of Father York's body, his eyes staring at it intently. Then, he spat a thick glob of blood on York's face. As everybody shouted out in alarm, he fell over.

Everything became chaotic. Luckily some people had noticed something off about him early and caught his body in time.

Right then, a flurry of rapid footsteps resounds, and a young man from the village rejoiced, "Inspector Envoy Sethman has come to our village, quick, everybody, let's go greet them..." Seeing everyone looking at him strangely, his voice grew weaker and weaker, and then finally he stopped.

"What kind of situation is this..."

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- Ultimate Assassin System (53%, 495 Votes)
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# Chapter 8 – The Annihilation of Little Stone Village

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## The Annihilation of Little Stone Village

- TL: AmeryEdge
- ED: JSmith, LtBeefy

—

The flames on the bronze candles were the sizes of small beans, and they flickered brightly inside the altar hall.

An old man wearing a white robe lined with golden stitches stood next to the corpse of Father York. If there was someone knowledgeable here, they would be able to recognise that only archbishops extremely high up in the Light God Church hierarchy were allowed to wear such a robe.

Sethman quietly observed the body lying on the ground. Oh, that's not right. His eyes indicates that he was not paying any attention to the dead person.

Instead, he was busy thinking about how long it had been since he had been scolded.

Sethman was born from an aristocratic family. When he was young, he was sent to the monastery to be trained. At that time, the monastery teachers taught very strictly, and being beaten and scolded was very normal. Later on after he had acquired some achievements in studying, and depending on the influence and power of his family, his position in the Light God Federation rose day by day. Finally after years of efforts, he had grown from an ordinary cleric to an archbishop.

It could be said that ever since he had become a cleric till now, nobody had chided him to his face.

But today, a bunch of farmers and peasants pointed at his face and cursed endlessly.

This was supposed to be an ordinary cleric inspection. When he got off the carriage at the gate in front of the village, everything was still normal. He thought, once these ignorant farmers saw his visage, their eyes would be filled with awe and worship. These eyes, and this kind of situation, these were the things he was used to. At that time, all he needed to do was walk out and speak a few gentle words to them, and then those farmers would become incomparably grateful and respectful towards him.

But then, he suddenly witnessed a large crowd rushing towards him, some not even wearing shoes. Oh, what a bunch of devoted worshippers. He had thought at that time, before he stepped out and spoke solemnly said, "Devout believers, welcome. On behalf of the Light God Federation, I am here to extend kind regards to you."

"Kind regards your mother!"

His face was spat on, followed by a dozen fingers pointed at him accompanied by curses. While he was being cursed at, there were even some shoes flung at him... Only now did he understand why there was people walking barefoot.

"Sir, this is the murder weapon that killed York." Bernie held a small crossbow as he reported to Sethman.

Sethman looked at the crossbow with surprise. The material was ordinary, seemingly made from normal wood. The handiwork was terrible, and even more important the tip of the bow was carved unevenly. This thing resembled much more to a children's toy than a weapon.

"Did you find anything else?"

Bernie replied, "Based on York's body temperature, he had died around 10 hours ago. The location of the death was at the confessional booth. The assassin must have pretended to be a believer and used the close distance to murder him."

"Is that it?" This wasn't what Sethman wanted to hear. He didn't care about how that idiot got himself killed, he only wanted the identity of the murderer. Pretending to be a believer, holding a crossbow, using the close distance to kill. None of these things explained anything.

Bernie said after some delay, “A fellow brother has discovered a small trace at the back of the chapel. Underneath York’s window was a small gap left behind by someone. If it was by the assassin, then this was done by a professional.”

If the method was professional, then it could only be done by a reward collecting assassin.

Sethman squawked at him with ridicule, “Professional? Are you saying there’s a professional assassin who was willing to go to such a faraway place to use a toy to kill an ordinary cleric? He must be crazy. Or are you saying he just killed for fun while passing by?”

Bernie also knew there was something not right, but there was nothing else he could do but said, “Then we can start from the crossbow and arrows, and compare it with the hunters from the surrounding area.”

Sethman’s voice grew ever sharper, “Oh? A hunter from a small village killed someone, and now a Squad of Light God Knights did not end up finding any useful clues. Are you saying our Light God Knights are useless?”

There would be something off if it was said to be done by a hunter. In Little Stone village, villagers all made their living by farming. Even though at the south there was a small forest, if there was a hunter, it would be common farmers who happened to catch some chicken or rabbits, not professional hunters.

Bernie shut his mouth.

After ridiculing Bernie twice, Sethman also fell into deep thought. Light God Knights were of course not garbage. In reality, their combat ability were higher than that of a normal kingdom’s knights. If they couldn’t find any useful clues, then the only conclusion would be that the perpetrator was a professional. Bernie’s guesses actually did not have any problem, but why would professional assassin care about this? One must know, killing such a lowly person like York would only net them less than a gold in reward. Could it really be a passing by killing?

No matter what, Sethman did not imagine that the hypothetical professional assassin they thought about was currently standing at the small forest not far from them.

Needless to say, killing people and killing chickens were totally different.

Even though before he committed the act, Tang En had repeated to himself about how the other party was an evil person who deserved to die, and he was only acting on behalf of the heavens, but after he saw that Father York truly die in front of him, he could not help but panic.

After he struggled to take care of the crime scene and waited for the farmers to come, he quickly ran off from the back yard towards the forest, and then threw up continuously.

Inside the hall, Sethman who was quiet suddenly spoke, "The time of York's death was before the time we heard the bell, correct?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Don't you think this is too coincidental?"

Bernie stirred, "You are saying..."

Sethman seemed like he had suddenly realised something. He smiled and said, "Our schedule was fairly stable, a careful person would be able to find out easily. Our travelling speed is also slow. But only when we were close to the village did the bell ring."

"Sir, do you think they killed York intentionally in front of us?"

"Not just that." Sethman coldly spoke, "Not only did this idiot York die, his actions were also revealed, tarnishing our Federation reputation. The people in this village have also stopped believing in the Light God. What's more, if these emotional villagers go outside and spread this..."

"That is indeed a terrifying thought. What a disaster."

Sethman spoke, "Exactly. This disaster will become a stain against us. No matter what, I am the one overseeing the cleric inspection this time, and even more damning, it was discovered in our vicinity!"

"Isn't this all a ploy to tarnish your name sir? Dammit, who did this?" Bernie completely understood Sethman's thinking. He couldn't help but quietly think that people in high positions were not so simple. What was more, if that was true, then the professional method could be explained. If this was planned by



somebody, they would use a professional to avoid leaving any traces.

“Right now, it’s not important who planned this. The most crucial thing is how we will solve this.”

Bernie was also clever, and he quickly said, “Should we announce that the real York had already died a long time ago, and this is someone from the evil Savage Cult impersonating as him?”

Savage Cult was the Northern Desolate Tribe’s religion, and the sworn enemy of the Light Temple. When the believers from both sides meet, one side must die.

Sethman did not disapprove, “That idea is not bad, but doing that would be quite difficult. Even though the farmers are ignorant, they are not stupid.”

“Then we should use the Soul God Magic to seal their memories.”

“That will lead to future troubles. If there is sealing magic then of course there is revealing magic. At that time things will not end well.”

Bernie became helpless. He asked, “This subordinate is ignorant, and cannot come up with any good solution.”

Sethman smiled, “Think slowly, eventually you will find something good. Sometimes, we need to change our way of thinking. If we are trying to find the culprit of the murder, then we must think deeper in that direction.”

Think deeper? Think deeper... Bernie looked at Sethman’s smile, and suddenly shuddered. Could it be...?

Seeing Bernie’s face changing nonstop, Sethman raised his eyebrow and smile, “Oh, seems like you thought of a solution. When I was choosing you to be the Leader of the Knight Squad, it was all due to your brains. Tell me your idea.”

Bernie stuttered, “Should we... all... the... the villagers...”

“What should we do with them?”

Looking at Sethman’s deep eyes, Bernie gritted his teeth, “Kill them all!”

Hoh... Finished speaking, Bernie suddenly felt a strange relieved sensation. This sensation was the same one he had felt when he was little. In order to prove his

manliness, he had casually killed an old dog.

Sethman did not say anything. He only clasped Bernie's shoulder and smiled brighter.

Bernie bowed in thanks.

"Sir, all the villagers have been gathered at the gate of the chapel. Please appease them in our stead." A Light God Knight reported on the situation.

The cursing from outside the door grew louder and louder, deafening and numbing.

Bernie gave out the order, "Defend the door, and do not let them inside. First try to calm them down. Let them know that we have found a clue, and in a few hours we will announced our findings."

"Understood!"

"Furthermore, after you are done, gather everyone to the back of the chapel."

"Yes sir!" The knight received the order.

"Sir, did I..."

"You did well." Sethman said while smiling, "The Paladin Hall have been needing some new blood, and I still have a recommendation left. Wait until after this is all over, you should give applying a try."

Bernie became ecstatic, "Thank you sir for your consideration."

Paladins were the highest order of Knights in the Light God Church. No matter if it was status or strength, this force was the backbone of the Church. All of these knights came from the Paladin Hall. So long as one passed the qualification training, they could become a Paladin.

"This is something you have earnt." Immediately, Sethman took out a crystal flowing a deep white light and gave it to Bernie and said, "Find a good place to throw it."

"Divine Punishment Crystal!" Bernie said full of fear.

Sethman looked at the crystal with some regret, "That's right, this is the Divine Punishment Crystal. This was the only one I have gotten over the years, but

unfortunately...”

“Sir, you, you want to use this to destroy the village?”

“This is the only way to not leave any trace. What’s more, shut the mouth of the knights in your squad and make sure they forget about this matter. If not, you will run into trouble later on.”

“Yes, Bernie will always be loyal to you sir.”

—

Five hours later, the sky has turned completely dark.

A white light suddenly fell from the sky, directly hitting the chapel.

Like a spark thrown into a pile of gunpowder, the chapel suddenly released a blinding light, the air spun wildly, and it directly consumed the entire village.

To the south, next to the forest, Bernie felt a powerful wind flowing past his face, but he still stared at the scene in front of him intently.

Sethman frowned, “My carriage. Damn it, don’t let me find out who was behind all this, if I find him I will definitely execute him.”

Sethman’s extravagant carriage was parked in front of the chapel. To avoid being found out, they could only leave it there to be destroyed along with Little Stone village.

Bernie’s heart grew chilly. More than 200 lives were lost, but in Sethman’s eyes none of it could be compared to a carriage.

The light came quickly, and was also gone quickly. In a moment, the scene had turned silent. Now, there was not a trace of Little Stone village left. This has turned into an area of scorched earth.

Sethman spoke, “Put up a Holy Spirit Monument. In addition, send someone to report to the Knight of this fiefdom sxt to explain the situation... You don’t need me to teach you what to say, do I?”

“Yes sir! Please do not worry!”

## Chapter 9 – Tang En’s Fury

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Tang En’s Fury

- TL: AmeryEdge
- ED: LtBeefy

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When Tang En made his way back to the wooden shack, he immediately entered the system space. There, he could at least not constantly throw up like in reality.

“Ding, congratulation assassin Tang En on completing the Killing York Mission.

Difficulty: F

Performance Evaluation: D

Experience Gained: 200 points

HP gained: 150.”

“Ding, congratulation assassin Tang En on completing the qualifying assassin mission. The system rewards you with a new skill – ‘Heart Calm As Water’.”

The moment Tang En stepped inside the space, a series of synthesized voices rang out.

The butler spoke, “Congratulation, assassin Tang En!”

Tang En showed an embarrassed expression, “Sorry, yesterday I, I...”

“There is no problem, I didn’t pay it any mind.”

“Um, thank you.” Tang En nodded, then said full of frustration, “I really did not think Father York was such a person...”

The butler replied, “The hearts of people are often unpredictable, and there is no one who can know everything about another person. It’s completely normal

for you to have made such a mistake.”

Tang En nodded in appreciation. This had left a lasting impression deep inside him. He thought about the things the butler had said and asked quizzically, “It seems like you were able to tell from the start that Father York was not a good person.”

“Firstly, I must clarify something. In my eyes there is no good or bad person. Even if he was a good person, there is no reason for me not to kill him, and if he was a bad person, there is no reason for me to kill him.” the old butler casually explained.

Finished speaking, his left arm swung up, causing a screen to appear. On the screen, scenes of every single moment Tang En had ever seen Father York replayed, since the very first time they met when he had passed over to the several times he had ran into him by accident in the village.

“Before, I had already told you that I can see everything you can see. The only difference is, I can observe everything much more carefully. For example, right now, he is currently talking to an old farmer, but in reality his eyes were observing the buttocks of a young lady passing by. Of course, if it was a normal man then it’s nothing out of the ordinary, this was definitely something more attractive than an old farmer. But if you look closely, the look deep inside his eyes and his slight curve of his lips was a dangerous one. This is the sign of greed and possessiveness.”

“And here... and over there...”

The old butler continuously displayed images, changing their angles and explained everything on the screen.

Tang En listened carefully. Right now, the Housekeeper was a sort of god in his eyes.

Finally, the old butler said, “Do you understand? If not, it’s okay, this is only a small trick. In battle, you can sometimes make use of it. I will teach it to you.”

Tang En’s was moved, “If I learnt this, won’t I be able to see through people at a glance?”

The old butler shook his head, “I have already said before, people are

unpredictable. There might be some who have the same way of thinking as York, but there's no guarantee that he would do the things York did. Furthermore, judging others using their eyes is something that people will notice, and training against it is also very simple. If you pay too much attention to this, you might even be fooled by other's eyes."

Tang En nodded. He began to feel another headache coming. The images on the screen reminded him that York was currently dead.

"Are you alright?"

Tang En's face was pale, "I can still hold on."

The old butler advised, "Maybe you should try the skill 'Heart Calm As Water'."

"Heart Calm As Water?" Tang En was moved, it seems to be a skill granted by the system. He quickly opened up the Assassin Board. Inside the previously empty Skill slot was now a new skill.

"Heart Calm As Water", Innate Skill, not upgradeable – Hastens recovery of mental clarity and grants immunity to most negative effects. This skill has a duration time of 30 minutes and a 3 hour cooldown time. Consumes 100 HP.

"Innate Skill?" This was the first time he had seen this kind of skill.

"Innate Skills do not need you to train in order to use them, but instead directly use HP to activate the skill."

"Oh... Ah, wait a second, no training? Then I need to train to acquire all the other skills?"

"Of course!"

"I can't just use them after earning a certain amount of skill points?"

"Skill points?" The butler frowned in surprise. He replied seriously, "Tang En, assassins can have a sense of humour, but killing people is not a game, and there are no skills without its weak points. Can you imagine what would happen if you begin to activate a combat skill and someone else suddenly pull out a crossbow, killing you immediately?"

"Ah, I understand. Then how do I use this skill?" Tang realised that his own thoughts were too simplistic, and quickly changed the topic.

“Chant it in your mind.”

“Heart Calm As Water.”

In the blink of an eye, a cold stream of air covered his entire body. Even though his heart was still in turmoil, his body no longer wanted to throw up.

Hoh, Tang En could not help but breathe out in relief.

The Housekeeper spoke, “This skill can only cure the symptoms and not the cause. This kind of negative condition after killing needs to be resolved properly.”

Tang En asked quickly, “How do I resolve it?”

“Each person needs a different method, you can only ask yourself.” Unfortunately, this was not something the butler can answered easily.

“Ask myself?” Tang En’s eyes widens.

Un, the butler nodded, “Assassins must often complete life or death missions, and being afflicted by some sort mental ailment is not uncommon. If there is pressure inside you, then you must find a way to vent it.”

“Each assassin’s personality is different. If you are the lonely type, then you can lock yourself in a dark room and let out your blood, or the like. If your personality is a bit better, then you can do some more exciting things, like bare-handed rock climbing, race crazily, or become more active in bed, etc... The more peaceful methods involve reading, travelling, gardening, playing music, and similar things.”

“Currently, you can use the reasoning of good guys, bad guys to explain away your guilt of killing, but to be honest, I do not think this is a good idea. My advice is that you find things that you enjoy doing. These things don’t need to be anything intense. You must know, those eccentric lonely assassins always end up killing themselves.”

“... Actually, there’s a good method.” Finished listening to the butler, Tang En suddenly said.

“Oh?”

“All I need to do is stop being an assassin.”

The Housekeeper replied, "But you already killed."

"... It's not the same."

"Are you saying York was not person?"

"To some extent, he was not even a human."

"Your word games are laughable."

"Up to you." Tang En shrugged. Finished speaking, he climbed up the wooden house the butler had built using vines.

"What are you doing?"

"Resting. I want to quickly sleep for half an hour."

Killing someone for the first time have been quite a big deal for Tang En. Before he headed inside the space, his head was hurting. Now that he had activated "Heart calm like water", his mind was feeling much better. Tang End decided to take advantage of the 30 minutes duration time to have a quick sleep. Maybe after a good sleep, he would feel better...

"I know, but you should sleep in your own shack."

"I beg you, please don't be so stingy! Okay, good night!" Are you kidding? If I leave I'll throw up for the next half an hour. Then what will happen to my home...

Tang En quickly crawled inside the house and laid down on the wooden bed while surrounded by the fragrant of incense..

—

A silent night passes.

Maybe the effect of "Heart Calm As Water" or his own mental strength was more powerful than he had anticipated, but Tang En quickly fell asleep, and he did not have a single nightmare throughout the whole night.

Sleep is the cheapest medicine for recovering strength. Now that his mind had time to calm down, Tang En felt much more relaxed.

Inside the Housekeeper's wooden shack, everything was great, except for the fact that there was no breakfast.



Only now did Tang En remember about the smoked rabbit meat at the old farmer's place. However, right now the village must be in chaos due to Father York's death, the old farmer isn't probably in the mood to make a rabbit meat meal...

He silently left the system space...

Opening the simple wooden door, Tang En breathe in deeply. The morning air rushed past his face.

"Huh, why does something seem to be missing..."

"That's right, the smoke!"

From his wooden house, Tang En cannot see Little Stone village, but everyday he always looked towards the north and saw column of smoke rising from there.

Could it be that yesterday's matter caused everyone to be so emotional that they didn't even want to cook?

For some reason, Tang En suddenly had a bad feeling.

I should go take a look first...

Tang En quickly climbed down the tree.

That's not right, from here I should be able to see the Light God statue on the chapel's roof... That's not right, usually I can see the earth walls of the village...

Tang En ran quicker and quicker in the forest, the bad feeling growing in his heart.

Boom —

Finally, at the edge of the forest, Tang En saw that everything was empty, and he staggered backwards by several steps.

The four walls and the village itself was gone, leaving behind only an empty piece of land. The houses, the chapel, the farmers had all disappeared. As if this place never existed.

"Ah!!!"

Tang En's eyes flashes, he quickly headed inside the deserted grounds.

“This is an illusion, an illusion. Everything is fake. The farm is still here, the farmers are still here...”

At the center of the field, there was a white monument made from marble. It was located precisely where the chapel previously was. It said,

“Year 997 Light God Calendar, divine power descended, gracing the world with its might. Little Stone village of Titus Kingdom was consumed by evil, its two hundred villagers turned into demons. Fortunately God was looking out for us. A Light God Inspector along with the twelve accompanying Light God Knights was passing by and battled against the demons. After the bloody encounter, the demons were subjugated. Two hundred demon souls was saved, returning to the embrace of God.

Ulrich Ridge – Virtuous – Sethman.”

It was only a normal monument, with words carved clearly upon it. However, surrounding it were lines of inscriptions and mysterious runes, which was probably the reason why it was glowing with light. This was a holy monument belonging to the Light God Church.

If the future generations read this monument, they would praise the accomplishment of God. Luckily the demons was exterminated in time, if not, the surrounding area would have been ravaged by evil, causing countless lives to be lost.

Of course, those who knew the real situation did not feel the same way.

“FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!”

Tang En knelt on the ground, his two hands punching down madly. His mouth shouted curses non-stop, his heart in infinite regret. He clearly heard York mentioned that there would be some inspector coming here, why didn't he think about that? Why didn't he...

What evil, demons this or that.. He could somewhat figure out that this all had something to do with Sethman.

“AH... Ah!”

Tang En threw a punch towards the monument. Bang! A wound split open on

his hand, causing blood to overflow.

The pain was temporarily suppressed by him. He quickly stood up, ran around the scorched ground before heading back into the space.

“Old butler, old butler...”

“I’m here!” The Housekeeper stood behind Tang En.

Tang En pulled on the old butler’s hands and asked, “You can find them based on the traces they have left behind, can’t you?”

The old butler observed the screen, “In front of this kind of power, there should hardly be any traces left behind. Furthermore, even if we can track them down, what will you do?”

Tang En shouted loudly, “Once we find them, I will kill them all!”

“How brave!” The Housekeeper gave out a vague evaluation.

Moments later, the old butler calmly said, “I’m sorry, there are no clues.”

“You are not telling me on purpose! Right? No? That must be it!” Tang En clearly did not believe in what the result the butler had given him. He looked directly into the old butler’s eyes, and spat out each words slowly.

“Calm down, I am no god.”

—

Their eyes clashed for some time, then Tang En suddenly left the system space.

The old butler looked at the screen once more, towards the west of this area. He then shook his head, “I cannot tell him. I cannot.”

The screen changed once more. Right now, Tang En had already left the space, and was currently kneeling on the ground. He pounded away at the monument.

Along with the banging noise, blood dyed the white marble monument red.

“I hope you will be able to grow from this...”

# Chapter 10 – I want to be an Assassin

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Translator: Vitus

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Crash.....

Tang En put away the axe with an expressionless face as he watched the shattered fragments of the stone monument.

It was the axe given to him by the old farmer, which was now the only thing that remained of the Little Stone Village.

Tang En swore that when he meets Sethman, he will use that very ax to crush his bones to pieces and then hack him to death.

Tang En entered the assassin system and coldly said: “I want to become an assassin.”

But Tang En wasn’t a fool. Earlier, he was blinded by rage and was desperate to find the whereabouts of Sethman. But now, after smashing the stone monument, he finally regained reasoning. He knew his strength better than anyone else and also understood that to avenge the little rock village was merely wishful thinking. He didn’t say anything else, as he came closer to the scorched earth, he realized that the scope of the explosion was greater than what could be caused by artillery shells.

To promote his strength, he could only rely on the assassin system. As for those? He would kill them all....

The housekeeper was pleased and said: “That’s better.”

“I want the most rigorous training schedule you can give.”

“As you wish!”

---

“Ding, Vengeance Mission Unlocked.

Objective: Kill Sethman.

Time Limit: None.”

---

At the suggestion of old housekeeper, Tang En packed his things and left the hut, following the road towards the east.

After all, no one knows when Sethman's group might return to inspect the arena once again. Even though Tang En was foolish, he realized that when they find out that the monument had been destroyed, it would change things.

For the next few days, except for eating and sleeping, Tang En put all his efforts into assassin system space.

He voraciously soaked up all kinds of knowledge, the camouflage and murder skills which he had determined not to learn before were all learned anyways. And because of his words, the most rigorous training in the assassin system space was now being done by torture.

While dressed in a white lab coat, the old housekeeper took a scalpel in his hand: "As a killer, you must be well aware of all parts of the body inside and out. Although we have no knowledge of this world, but according to my observations in these few days, the human body is the same. Next, I will show you the dissection of a variety of bodies so as to study about body anatomy"

Tang En: "....."

"Human body has a number of fatal spots in the upper body, temple, glabella, pharynx and larynx, heart, *etc.* are most important, however, those are also the parts defended most closely. For starters, those parts don't work well, rather the aorta is a better choice. Come, hold the thighs. "

(TL: Temple indicates the side of the head behind the eyes. The glabella, in humans, is the skin between the eyebrows and above the nose. The pharynx is the part of the throat that is behind the mouth and nasal cavity and above the esophagus and the trachea. The larynx is the hollow muscular organ forming an air passage to the lungs and holding the vocal cords in humans and other mammals; the voice box. The aorta is the main artery of the body, which supplies oxygenated blood to the circulatory system. Enjoy :P)

Tang En slightly shivered as he took the dismembered thigh. Deep inside he constantly reminded himself, "fake, and fake! Everything I see is an illusion virtualized by the old housekeeper, hang in there, you have to become the king of assassins." But, fuck don't be so realistic, the stench of blood cataplasm sticks out.

"Look, this is the artery"

All illusions.....

"You need to gently draw the knife, well, a fountain sprayed out.

It is the only magic.... Puff! Tang En's whole body was drenched in the "fountain."

"Here in the cold war era, melee weapons are essential. A dagger is an assassin's best friend, I will teach you how to hold a dagger." Old housekeeper demonstrated a forehand and backhand dagger in slow motion." Do not think otherwise, the correct dagger holding posture can assure that the hits you deliver are clever and full of power."

Isn't this simple? I only have to follow the movements? Tang En studies the hand of the old housekeeper with which he held the dagger.

Old housekeeper: "Are you determined to hold?"

Tang En nods.

As the old housekeeper reaches out his hand and strikes, Tang En's dagger brushes past the housekeeper's dagger. Taking advantage of the opportunity brought about by transverse cutting, the housekeeper's dagger slid across Tang En's throats.

"You Died."

Tang En holds his throat out of fear and roars: "What are you doing?"

Old housekeeper lightly replied: "In the assassin system space, you are truly immortal. So as to leave a deeper impression, this is a friendly reminder. Whenever you die, I will have you feel one to nine levels of pain in accordance with the situation. Trust me, it feels fantastic..... "

The old Butler has rarely smiled when it comes to the assassin system space. But of course, in Tang En's heart..... Good abnormal smile!

"Okay, one more time. Determined to hold? "

"Uh, I ... ah!"

Tang En whines, and once again collapses to the ground.

But this time, a feeling of pain came through the bottom of his bone marrow. Tang En's stature was broken again, he curled up together and held back the tears in his eyes.

"Low..ly...you... sneak... attacked....." the fierce pain caused Tang En to nitpick on words to

Old Butler: "congratulations, you have learned the initial mystery of an assassin."  
"

"What a joke, how did any of this have any deeper meaning?"

“Dirty and sneak attack!” Old Butler quietly said, then colludes:” Well done, you stood up like a man, but that was the first level of pain. ”

Tang En’s body shivers, this is the first level of pain?

“Determined to hold up?”

---

Finally, after Tang En enjoyed three first-level aches, did the housekeeper reluctantly nodded to approve of Tang En’s dagger grasping posture.

“Well, after holding a dagger, the following is used. IF a short dagger does not hit the strategic point, the power is limited. Where are the key/strategic points, I have taught you in human anatomy. The forms of knife attacks are to generally stab, shear, tease, pick and cut. Next, I will demonstrate all of them in action, your task today is to wield the dagger in an “acceptable” manner for 1000 times.”

---

Tang En had a sleepless night, perhaps you might think 1000 times is nothing. But the emphasis is on the “acceptable” word. The old housekeeper’s dagger demonstration in the human anatomy has left behind certain parameter data. If his strokes don’t match this data, then it is not eligible.

The way Tang En just started wielding the dagger, is like trying one’s luck completely. As he got used to that feeling, the passing rate continually rose.

His arms started to give off the heat first, went to being sore, then arrived numbness, and finally lost consciousness completely. The brains also become ignorant, finally leaving only mechanical waving arm.

This stroke, well, light.....

This stroke passed!

This stroke, uh, a little heavy.....

This stroke passed!

This stroke passed!

---

The distracted Tang En does not know that at this time his dagger wielding “acceptable” rate was highest.

Finally, Tang En did not notice when completed the target. He only heard the old housekeeper say, “It is now complete”, he just replied with “Oh”, directly fell to the ground, and fast fell asleep.

A few days later, Tang En in addition to learning other skills, must complete

dagger wielding practice like this every day.

Finally, on the fourth day, Tang En couldn't help this boring exercise, and proposed to learn dagger skills.

The old housekeeper looked at Tang En and said: "you are learning now."

Tang En was depressed and replied: "I am not referring to those, I mean, a new move (style) or something like that."

"Oh, really? Have you mastered the basic usage of daggers? "

Watching the calm eyes of the old housekeeper, Tang En felt a bit guilty but replied with a nod.

"Um, then let's use the foundation dagger law in actual combat to have a look", the old steward flashed his hand to reveal a dagger: "You attack."

Tang En grips the dagger tightly, steps aside, crooks his arm and prepares to attack, suddenly halted while hesitating: "you won't die, you are immortal, right?"

The old housekeeper cast aside his facial expression: "I do not consider it necessary to answer this question."

The indifferent expression revealed formidable self-confidence without a doubt.

"Uh.....he is really a skilled master" Tang En gave unstated criticism. He crooked his arm and with straight thrust, aimed for the heart.

"Too light", old steward parries Tang En's straight thrust with his fingertips, "weak attack, an opening, what greets you is.... Death!!" The dagger of old steward accelerates suddenly, and in-line enters Tang En's heart.

Was needless saying that Tang En whose body was reconstructed, tasted the first-level pain once more.

"Comes again", I have to say, when you have undergone so much pain that you soon get used to it. After Tang En wailed in pain, tread the ground, and walked again while stabbing towards the old steward's heart.

"Heavy." The voice said faintly.

The old housekeeper simply stepped around the side and arrived behind Tang En: "An assassination is a form of art, after grasping good power and speed, you'll make them enjoy the pleasant sensation of death....."

Tang En felt a chill over his neck, heard a hiss of the wind over his ear, thin blood spilled out of his throat like a falling curtain.

It really is very pleasant to hear.....



“Uh oh.....” As the voice of pain arrives again, he was awoken from the art chamber like state by the first-level pain.

Old housekeeper clapped, and the dagger disappeared without a trace: “continue to practice.”

---

“Hang on..... Adhere to..... ”

In the assassin space, Tang En streaming with sweat carries a 50 pounds a heavy bag on his back, kicked the ground and continued to walk in the desert.

Desert? Yes, it is a scorching desert.

Tang En’s today’s goal is to reach the destination within three hours.

The old steward said that it was some country’s Special Forces method of training strength and endurance.

But..... Damn, where is this destination? Why do I feel that I am walking in circles!

In fact, Tang En’s feeling was not wrong, if seen from a bird’s eye view, Tang En walking path could draw an anomalous ellipse.

“Looks like he needs some motivation.” Old housekeeper rubbed his chin.

Then, Tang En suddenly found that behind him was a large millstone scorpion.

He swallowed spit with difficulty, “Old steward, you will die like a dog.....Ah!!!”

Old Butler while holding an umbrella under the desert sun, took a sip of iced wine: “He seems to have enough vitality, the course of this training was a bit inadequate, ah, a few more would be good.”

The old housekeeper casually waved his fingertips, and three large Scorpions started crawling towards the distant Tang En.

“Fuck, old butler, I, I.....”

“I was wrong!!”

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